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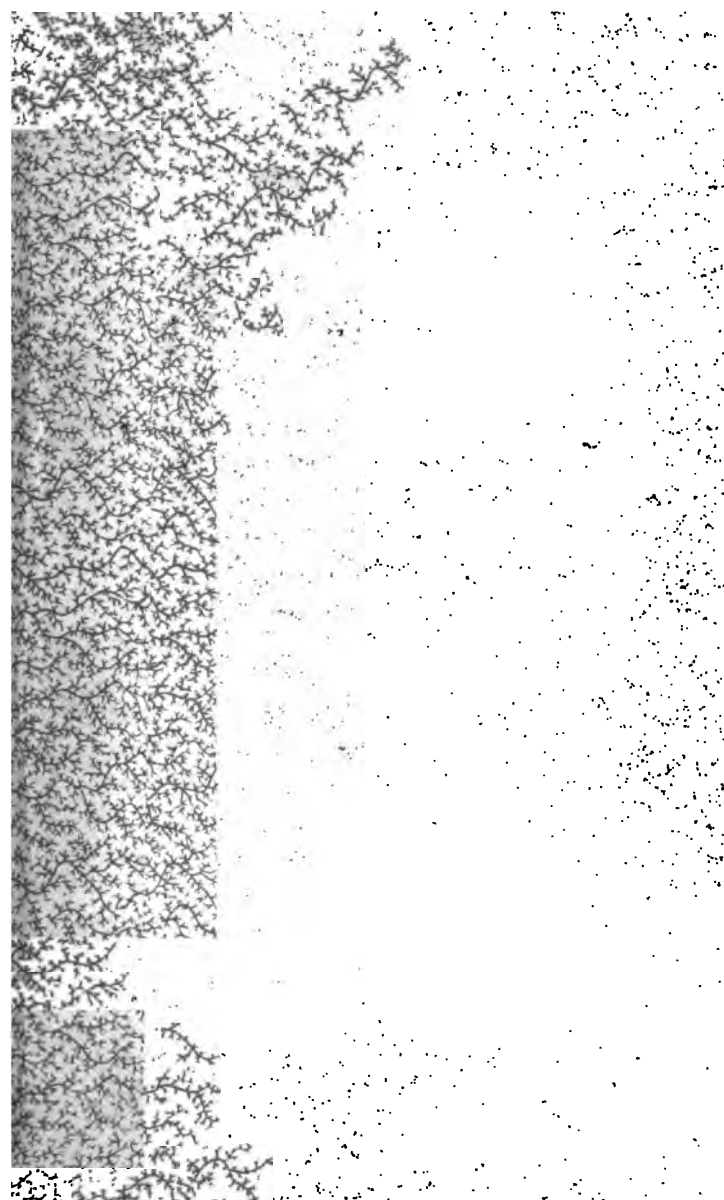
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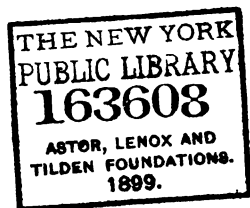
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THE
LILY OF THE VALLEY,
FOR
1855.

EDITED BY
ELIZABETH DOTEN.
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PREFACE.

As one enters the dwelling of a friend, with a warm heart and words of kindly greeting, so now do we cross the threshold of the great world once more, with a "Peace be unto you." We lay our annual offering upon the altar, with the hope that it may be received and valued according to its worth, freely leaving unto all to judge of its merits.

To him who has watched "the signs of the times," doubtless it has become evident that constant changes are taking place; not only in the affairs of nations and of men, but also in the expression of thought,—in the mingled elements of literature. What was sufficient for the demands and capacities of one age, cannot supply the wants of another; and the fashion thereof is necessarily changed. Fiction now bears a stronger resemblance to truth, the fancied becomes more like the real, and the marvellous is brought down to the range of probability. In romance, as in actual life, "the days of chivalry are ended." The true poet and the novelist strive to build up a fair super-

structure upon the foundation of some generous sentiment,—some noble thought; and the stories of to-day, which unseal the fountain of tears, are those, also, which call human hearts and hands to some definite action. It oft-times happens, as one rises up from the perusal of a pleasant tale, he finds that, beneath its honeyed sweetness, he has taken into his mental organization a wholesome truth, which cannot fail to exert a purifying and health-giving influence. Thus the dignity of authorship is exalted; and he who writes “out of a pure heart, fervently,” becomes a true friend and benefactor to his kind.

That our humble work has partaken of this progress, we cannot say; but that it may be blessed in its influence to all, is our sincere and parting prayer.

JOHN W. WALKER
CLERK
1866

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(VIGNETTE TITLE.)

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THE
LILY OF THE VALLEY.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

"INTO what a strange region have we come, at last!" said Norman, as he stood with his hammer in his hand, and looked down upon the black, slippery rocks, and the foam-covered stream, that rushed through the valley below. "Truly, one might take this for the entrance to Tartarus itself; but I have seen enough of the world to know that the richest treasures are not found in the fairest places, and this spot may be the very one that holds the great carbuncle. Come on, Elsie."

"No, not another step," resolutely replied the little woman whom he addressed. She was perched

upon a wo-begone looking donkey, whose long ears seemed the only part of him capable of remaining upright. Besides the woman — who, from her size, could not be accounted a great burden — the poor beast bore a large basket on either side, and a leather portmanteau fastened to the saddle.

He formed a strange contrast to his rider, who, just now, seemed all spirit and resolution. She sat up very straight, with her lips firmly compressed, as though she had determined that all the world should not move her. Her face — unprotected by the small plaid handkerchief she wore about her head — was burned almost to a blister. She had large, brilliant black eyes, and long, dark hair, which hung in tangled tresses upon her shoulders. Her dress was short and faded, and her shoes were so worn they scarce served to cover her feet. Although a small, delicate female, her whole appearance bore evidence of hardship and exposure beyond what she was able to bear.

“No,” she again repeated, in the same decided tone; “not another step will I follow.”

Norman turned round in astonishment. This was the first time, during a connection of several

years, that she had ever gainsayed, or in any way opposed him, and therefore he was wholly taken by surprise.

"Elsie," said he, in a tone of authority, "come on! I am quite convinced that here I shall find the great carbuncle."

"The great carbuncle, forsooth!" she repeated, impatiently. "If I were but sure of finding a great potato or a thistle-top for poor Jack, I might follow, but as to going down among these barren rocks, I positively *will not*!" and she gave emphasis to what she said by a very decided nod.

Here was no common difficulty; a stubborn woman and a donkey, both, to all appearance, determined neither to be coaxed or driven. Norman had little experience in such matters, but common proverbs had taught him that nothing could exceed the perversity of two such beings.

"Elsie, my little wife," he said, in a soothing tone, as he took her small brown hand in his, and patted her scorched cheek, "I pray you, if you love me, come down into the valley. I am quite sure the great carbuncle must lay in some of these black chasms, and it will be a great pity if, after

all my labors, I should come so near and then lose it."

"I would rather go and chase butterflies in the fields of dear Lucerne," said Elsie.

"And soon you shall, if now you will go with me. Only think, when we get that precious stone, what a fine lady you will be, and how much will be thought of us!"

"What is the use," said Elsie, "of one's suffering to death now, for the sake of taking comfort by and by? O, Norman! all for the love of you, I have been a wretched wanderer these two years, and no good has come of it! You have promised me again and again that each place we visited should be the last; and I believed you, till now my patience is exhausted. I have suffered with hunger, with cold and fatigue, and, while I have been almost dying in the mountains or in the forest, you have thought of nothing, talked of nothing, save the great carbuncle."

"Ah, but, my dear Elsie! when one seeks a thing, it must be with his whole heart, and the treasure he finds shall be in proportion to his labor. Let the thought of our rich reward, after

so much suffering, encourage you, and come down at once into the valley."

"No, I *won't*," said Elsie. "Every night do I dream of my old father and mother, and my home in dear Lucerne. My heart is continually yearning for them, and now back to Lucerne I *will* go. Seek for the great carbuncle as long as you choose; and when you find it, eat it, drink it, marry it, and enjoy it all you can, since you would rather have it than all the world beside."

"Jezebel!" exclaimed Norman, in a passion, "go thy way! I had thought thee a little better than the rest of thy kind, but now I find that, from old mother Eve downwards, all are the same. Yes, go thy way, but, remember, when I find the great carbuncle I will not return to thee."

He grasped his hammer desperately, and, raising his bag to his shoulder, started off at a brisk pace down the rocks. Elsie watched him till a jutting point hid him from view, and then her firmness gave way. She bowed her head upon the neck of her tired beast, and wept like a child.

"Miserable woman that I am!" she exclaimed. "I can no more leave him than the moon can leave

the earth, or the stars the skies. And yet my poor heart is torn out of me with longings for home and a quiet resting-place. O, that such a thing as geology, or the great carbuncle, had never been heard of!"

The poor donkey bowed his head with a deep sigh, as though he fully understood her last remark. Elsie sprang from his back, and led him up the rocks. Here she left him in the shadow of a tree, while she went in search of something to satisfy the poor creature's appetite. It was not long before she returned with the skirt of her dress filled with thistle-tops, and in her hand a large branch filled with ripe berries for herself.

"Here, Jack," she said, "God has been very good to us. Many a bloody scratch have these rough thistles given me, but I can do and bear anything for so true a friend. We are all alone now, Jack."

With a gush of tears, she threw the thistles upon the ground, and, clasping her arms about his neck, she kissed him, and laid her cheek against his rough face, with all the affection of a sister. The donkey gave evidence of his sympathy by low

sighs and gentle rubs, and then began right earnestly upon his thistles.

Poor Elsie had no idea as to the direction of Lucerne, or whether it was five or a thousand miles hence ; but she resolved to go on her way, and inquire of every one she met. She found it very difficult, however, to take the first step. The day wore wearily away, and she could not summon resolution to depart. Her little loving heart was drawn as by a magnetic influence after Norman, and she would gladly have gone down into the crater of a volcano, could she have been sure of finding him at the bottom. She was quite certain that, if he felt as unhappy as she, he would soon return to look for her ; and she firmly resolved that, if he did, he should agree to her terms, and return with her to Lucerne. Jack laid down under a tree to rest, and, for want of better company, she sat down beside him, and laid her head upon his neck, where she soon cried herself asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Norman had pursued his way, feeling wonderfully disturbed in his mind.

"Am I not a man and a philosopher?" he exclaimed; "and shall I be governed by the whims of a foolish woman? No, not I. The world, with all her boundless treasures, lies before me. In her bosom are the secrets of ages, which I will bring to light, and thereby render my name immortal. A good wife is, indeed, a great convenience, but there are times when she may also prove a hindrance; and, therefore, he who would be truly wise should never thus encumber himself. Henceforth I leave all womankind to those uncultured minds who care only for the cleanliness of their linen and the pampering of their appetites."

He walked on with a stately step, passing several rare specimens of rocks, which he had never seen before. At any other time, he would have chipped off fragments with his hammer, to add to the large collection which he already carried in his bag; but now the burden on his heart, added to

that on his shoulder, was as much as he could bear.

"What a rough, toilsome road this is!" he said, at last; "and the sun is hot enough to melt one. Truly, I was never more uncomfortable, in all my life."

He sat himself down upon the rocks, and while he rested he poured out the contents of his bag, which he surveyed with the greatest satisfaction. He had been at great trouble and expense in collecting these rare specimens of stones and minerals, and therefore he regarded them as his chief treasure. Here might be seen a strange commingling of precious stones with some of nature's rudest materials—rough granite and freestone with quartz and felspar, gold and silver ores, several specimens of Italian marble, porphyry and alabaster, a ruby, and a diamond in its unpolished state, with many other precious stones.

"All but the one I desire most," said Norman, with a sigh. "Could I but find *that*, I would make it the key-stone in the arch on which to build my fame. These, alone, will introduce me to the highest scientific circles, but without that crowning

glory I cannot be satisfied. Yes; the great carbuncle I *must* have, for I am fully convinced there is such a stone in the treasury of nature, and I will not rest till I find it; so, fare thee well, Elsie!"

He returned his treasures to the bag, tied on the string, and placed it upon the rock beside him. But, unfortunately, the heavy top curved over, the equilibrium was lost, and, according to an immutable law of nature, the bag fell. Norman grasped at it, but it only grazed the tips of his fingers, and then, rolling over and over, down the rocks, disappeared in the flood below. Stupefied with amazement, he gazed after it. He might as well have undertaken to gather up a handful of bubbles, as to seek to recover it from that rough, dark stream.

"O, righteous Heaven!" he exclaimed, "could a worse misfortune have befallen me! Here, take this also, for now I am a ruined man!" and he threw his hammer after it.

"Alas! alas!" he added, mournfully, "had Elsie been here, this would not have happened; she was always so careful. I see now that no good comes of quarrelling with one's wife. O, Elsie! my dear little Elsie!"

Perfectly reckless as to whither he went, he pursued his way until he came suddenly upon the entrance of a large cave, arched and high, but dark as midnight within. It is in human nature to believe that the way to success lies through deepest mysteries; therefore Norman surveyed this strange opening with peculiar interest.

"Who knows," he exclaimed, "but that I may here retrieve my fallen fortune?"

He entered without delay, and walked along a dark, winding passage-way. Soon every ray of light from without was lost, and he was bewildered in the darkness. The air was very cold, and the water dropped constantly from above. His prudence got the better of his curiosity, and he turned him about.

"I think I will return," he said, "for I shall neither benefit science or myself by further investigations in this quarter."

He walked a long distance, yet did not appear to be any nearer the entrance. Suddenly it occurred to him that perhaps there were several of these passages, and he had taken the wrong direction. Agitated by this thought, he was hastening

forward, when, as he thrust out his foot in the darkness, it found no resting-place. A bewildering fear that he was on the brink of some dangerous precipice came over him, and he fell senseless. When he returned to consciousness, an old man was kneeling beside him, pouring wine between his parted lips. A lantern and a pickaxe were on the ground beside them.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Norman.

"In the king's quicksilver mine, in the mountain of La Manche," replied the stranger. "But who are you, and why are you here?"

"I am Norman of Lucerne," he answered; "and am in search of the great carbuncle."

"The great carbuncle!" groaned the old man. "Alas! and are you also a victim to that delusion?"

He raised the lantern to his own face. "Do you see these dim eyes and gray hairs?" he asked. "I am Paulo Benevento. From youth to age I have sought for that fabulous stone, and found it not. It exists only in a diseased imagination, and he who seeks it follows a shadow."

"It has nearly cost me my life," said Norman,

"and has also separated me from as true a woman as ever blest the heart of man with her love."

"Accursed be all things," ejaculated the old man, "which lead us from the true end and aim of existence. But come, my friend; we should not linger here."

As he rose up and took his lantern, Norman was surprised to see that it was only a step he had fallen. Yet, nevertheless, he had sustained a severe injury, for he found it utterly impossible to rise, and, fainting with pain, he sank back again upon the ground.

"I will go for assistance," said Paulo.

In a few moments he returned with several others, who appeared to be miners, like himself. They raised Norman in their arms, and carried him to what was apparently an outer apartment of the mine, where they lodged, and dressed their food. It was a dismal place, with its high arched walls, black and rugged, giving back the miners' voices in hollow echoes, and seeming more like a sepulchre than the abode of human beings. A wild and fitful light from the fire blazing in the corner spread itself out into the apartment; but

it could not penetrate the gloom of the more remote portions. Here they laid Norman on a humble bed of straw, and, upon examination, it was found that his leg was broken. Paulo, who was something of a surgeon, exercised his skill in his behalf, and then left him to repose, while he went to assist the others in the preparation of their evening meal.

Soon many more of the miners entered, and when all was ready they sat down in a group together. They had suspended their lanterns from a frame-work above their heads, and, as the light shone down upon their faces, Norman raised himself on his arm, and shuddered as he beheld them. Ghostly and grim, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, they partook of their food as though it was tasteless and insipid. Many of them were convicts, who had been condemned to pass their lives in this unhealthy region, while others had been lured by the love of gain.

"O!" exclaimed one, "that I had but a morsel of the fine wheaten bread my good wife used to set before me, when I came home at night!"

"Hush!" said another, "this is no place to

speak of *home*. Men like us should forget everything but where we are, and set our faces like flints to meet our hard fortune."

"I had a home once," said a third, "with a good old father and a mother, a brother and a sister; but the devil told me to follow him, and I should be a rich man. See now how he keeps his promises!" and he laughed with such a hollow, heartless laugh, that it sounded like the cry of a troubled spirit.

"And I," cried a fourth, who sat apart from the others, and had not eaten a morsel, "had a happy home, a wife, and four dear little children —"

He stopped, for his voice was choked with emotion, and, bowing his face upon his hands, he wept like a child. Each turned away; for a tender chord was touched, and they would not own their weakness.

"Friends," said Paulo, as he pointed towards Norman, whom he supposed to be asleep, "yonder lies a man who has sacrificed everything, that he may search for the great carbuncle. I would give all I possess, could I but turn him about and show

him his error before it is too late; for in my own experience have I proved it true, that a man may follow an object till he becomes a slave to it, and can find no deliverance. It avails me little that I see my folly; for habit has filled me with an eternal restlessness, and I must seek till I find rest in the grave."

"Tell him," said the last speaker, as he wiped away his tears, "if he has a patch of ground as big as his two hands, a wife to love, and a roof to cover him, that he has all that is needful for earthly happiness, and no seeking will obtain more."

A bell struck, and at the sound the miners started up, and, taking their tools, went out.

"O Elsie! Elsie!" murmured Norman, "where art thou? God helping me, if I may but recover from this mishap, I will seek thee the world over, and when I find thee I will treasure thee in my heart as the most priceless of all jewels."

Overcome with pain and exhaustion, he fell asleep. His old mother came to him with tearful eyes, and, as she clasped her arms about him, she whispered, "God bless you, my son!" His

father took him by the hand, and led him into the home of his childhood. The fragrance of the jessamines and roses came in at the windows, and he heard the voices of the herdsmen and the bleating of the wild goats. Then he wandered forth with Elsie along vine-clad slopes, into a quiet wood, where silvery streams came leaping down the mountain side; and, as he looked up to the clear, still heights, he saw them crimsoning in the sunset light. The vesper hymn came stealing up from the valley, and it seemed to lift his soul, and bear it away to heaven upon its wings. But it was all a dream.

CHAPTER III.

The sun had set, and the moon shone full and clear above the tops of the forest trees, when Elsie awoke. She was chilled by the night-air, and frightened to find herself alone in this wild mountain solitude. With great caution she arose, and, stealing forth into the open way, looked timidly around. But she had scarce taken one glance, when she hopped briskly back again, for she had seen something which greatly terrified her. A

most singular-looking being, mounted upon a mule, was coming slowly up the road. Elsie hid herself behind a bush, and looked out with anxious eyes. As the object of her terror approached still nearer, Elsie was delighted to find that this strange person was a woman. She had on a long, dark skirt, a blue jacket fastened with bright buttons, and a hat with a broad brim, the front of which was turned back, and made fast to the crown. Her face was round and ruddy, and, as she jogged leisurely along, she sung in a low but cheerful tone. Elsie took courage, and, emerging from the bush, she hailed her.

"Lady," said she, "can you tell me how far it is to Lucerne?"

"To Lucerne, in Switzerland?" said the stranger, as she stopped short and looked down at her; "no, indeed, I cannot tell you, for it is a great way. But, my dear child, how came you here alone, at this late hour?"

"I am *not* a child," replied Elsie, with much dignity; "I am a married woman."

"Well, I should scarce have thought it. Where, then, are your home and your husband?"

"My home is in Lucerne, but my husband went down the rocks yonder this morning, where I refused to follow him. We parted in anger, and he said he would not return."

"My dear little woman," said the stranger, "I fear you have not done the wisest thing in the world, for no light cause should part those whom God has made one; but, since it is so, take my advice. Go home with me to-night, where you shall have a nice supper and a comfortable bed, and on the morrow we will both search for your lost husband."

"But he *will* seek for the great carbuncle!" replied Elsie, bursting into tears, "while I am dying for want of home and a resting-place."

The strange lady put her arm kindly about her neck, and, stooping down, she kissed her wet cheek.

"I pity him," she said, "for he will find many a sorrow in his way through life, but the great carbuncle, *never*. Come, now, and get up behind me. With our Lord's help, I will surely comfort your poor little heart."

She made room on her mule for Elsie, but just then Jack, who had been slowly poking about in

search of his mistress, thrust his head from the bushes with a loud bray, as a rude token of recognition. Elsie called him forth, and, mounting him, she followed after her kind friend.

Their way led directly down into the rocky valley whither Norman had gone. They followed the steep, rough path for some time, and then they turned aside into a narrow pass, through which they came out into a level and fertile country. The highly-cultivated fields and vineyards, the white cottages, half hidden by fragrant groves of orange-trees, and the streams, gleaming like silver in the moonlight, made it seem like fairy-land. The sound of a flute and tambourine was heard in the distance, and Elsie's heart leaped for joy, when they came suddenly upon a group of children dancing on the green sward. Several of them observed the approach of the travellers, and ran towards them with cries of welcome.

"Here is our good Dorcas!" they exclaimed.
"Here is our dear doctor!"

They gathered about Elsie's companion, shook her by the hand, and kissed her with the greatest affection.

"How are your patients?" they asked, "and who is this you have brought with you?"

"She is a poor woman whom I found on the other side of the mountain," replied Dorcas. "She has lost her husband, and I shall keep her with me until we can find him."

"Then she, too, is welcome," said the children. They came and took her by the hand, and kissed her also, while the poor little woman laughed and cried at the same time, not knowing what to say, for she was quite overcome by this unexpected kindness. The children took the two mules by their bridles, the flute and tambourine players went before, and thus they escorted the travellers to the door of a fine-looking residence, where they were met by an old lady, with a very pleasing countenance.

"God bless you, dear mother!" said Dorcas, as she sprung from her mule. "How have you been since I left you? I have brought you another daughter — a poor, lone creature, who needs our care and kindness."

The old woman welcomed her, and the children left them, repeating their "good-night" in cheer-

ful tones, till it was lost to hearing in the distance.

Everything in and about the home of Dorcas was tasteful and elegant. There was a rich carpet on the floor, handsome porcelain vases filled with rare flowers, fine pictures and statuettes in parian, a harp in the corner, and a guitar on the side-table, besides a great number of books. In the middle of the room was a table with a snow-white cloth, spread with an abundance of inviting food.

Poor Elsie was astonished. She stood there with her short dress and ragged shoes, her scorched face and tangled hair, looking like a gypsy beggar, and feeling very much distressed. But the good Dorcas did not suffer her to remain long thus. She gave her some water to wash herself, and then she brought her a snug dress and a pair of her own shoes, which, although they were rather large, were made to fit by thrusting a bit of paper into the toes.

After a hearty supper, Elsie was shown to a comfortable little chamber, where, simple-hearted child that she was, she soon forgot all her troubles in a refreshing sleep.

In the morning, after they had breakfasted, Dorcas conducted Elsie into the garden, where several of the children who had welcomed them the night before were making themselves very busy among the herbs and flowers. They wandered along the shady pathways together, among fragrant groves of myrtle and orange, for a long time. Dorcas was so social and friendly that Elsie forgot her reserve, and chatted away with her in her own simple, unaffected manner.

"Are those your children?" she asked, with a look of curiosity.

"O no," said Dorcas, smiling; "I am not a married woman, and do not expect I ever shall be."

"Why not?" said Elsie, before she could check herself; for women are always anxious to know about such things.

"Because," replied Dorcas, "I hold that no one is under any *moral obligations* to take that step, and that people seldom *do* unless they think they shall thereby add in some measure to their interest or happiness. Now, I have all I wish or need, — health, money and friends. I feel that because of

this God requires much of me, and I endeavor to do my duty. I clothe and educate the poor children in the neighborhood, and have qualified myself, as far as possible, to attend upon the sick and suffering. In doing this I am happy, for it absorbs all my sympathies and affections; and, though I do not claim to be unnatural, yet, until I can find one who will be a friend and fellow-helper in my work, I shall not marry."

Elsie looked up to her in astonishment. "O!" she said, "I should die if I had not some *one* to love, and who would love me in return. Even now my poor heart is aching for Norman, and I would rather have him than the wealth of the world beside!"

"That is right, my dear little woman! That is the true feeling," said Dorcas. "Blessed be God, we do not all think alike! You are of such a loving, confiding nature, that you *must* have something to cling to; and thereby God has given you a power that is greater than wealth or wisdom, for there is nothing on earth so mighty as love. O! that all women and wives did but understand their advantage, and knew how to use it wisely! I

have half a mind to go about and tell them ; for a quiet observer can always see more than those who are in the midst of the battle."

"I wish," said Elsie, with a doleful countenance, "that I knew how to make Norman leave his search for the great carbuncle, and go back with me to Lucerne !"

"Dorcas ! Dorcas !" called the old lady from the window, "you are wanted ;" and Dorcas hastened to obey the summons.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon entering the little parlor, she found an old man awaiting her, whom she immediately recognized.

"How do you do, good Paulo ?" she said. "Are you in need of my services ?"

"Not for myself, but for a poor unfortunate, who, in addition to his bodily injuries, seems to have a great trouble on his mind. If you can possibly return to the mines with me, you may have the opportunity of doing much good."

"Then," said Dorcas, cheerfully, "you may be quite sure of my company."

She began her preparations immediately, and in a short time she was mounted upon her mule, pursuing her way towards the mountain-pass, while Paulo, with his staff in his hand, walked briskly by her side.

"What a dismal place, good Paulo!" exclaimed Dorcas, as — leaving her mule, without — they entered the gloomy opening to the mine. "Here I should die of grief and horror, if no worse evil befell me."

"To me, and to all who dwell herein," said Paulo, "it is the 'valley of the shadow of death,' through which, we trust, we are travelling to a better land."

Norman was, indeed, in a sad condition when this good Samaritan arrived. The poisonous vapors of the mine, added to his suffering and anxiety, had nearly thrown him into a fever. He seemed gentle and tractable, but his mind was wandering, and he talked constantly of Elsie and the great carbuncle. As Dorcas took his hand,

and listened attentively to his words, her face brightened.

"Now, may the Lord be praised," she said, "for thus bringing me to the aid of this poor man ! I will do him good in soul as well as body."

She soon administered to him a soothing draught, under the influence of which he fell into a deep sleep.

"Paulo," said Dorcas, "if I would save my patient, he must not remain here a moment longer. Call such of the miners as can be spared, and we will have him carried to the dwelling of the widow who lives just on the other side of the pass."

Paulo hastened to obey her orders, and when Norman awoke he was in the house of the widow. Dorcas sat by his bed, and the dim light from the window shone upon her cheerful countenance.

"Lady," said Norman, as he gazed around, "can you tell me what has befallen me ? I have had a troubled dream, and even now I scarce seem to be awake."

"Alas !" he continued, as he sank back on his pillow, "I remember now. O, Elsie ! Elsie ! I

could bear the loss of all things, if you only had been spared me ! ”

“ I am your friend,” said Dorcas, kindly. “ Speak freely of your troubles to me, and I will do all in my power to assist you.”

There was something in her look and manner that inspired confidence and Norman, without much hesitation, told her of his separation from Elsie, his subsequent loss, and his misfortune in the mine.

“ Let your heart be at rest,” said Dorcas, when he had ended. “ You are in good hands, where you will be well cared for. Your wife shall be found and restored to you, and everything shall be done to hasten your recovery to health and happiness. But it must be under these conditions,—that you keep quiet and ask no questions, for I warn you that, even if you should, you would not be likely to receive satisfactory answers.”

Norman could ill bear such restrictions ; but, as he turned him about, his leg gave a sharp twinge, and he felt compelled to submit. Dorcas soon took leave, with the promise that she would visit him often ; and Norman was left alone to his reflections,

which, from the present point of view, tended to show his past life and employment in rather an unfavorable light.

Dorcas had told him that he was in the house of a widow, lately bereaved; therefore he was not at all surprised when, after the first day, a small, delicate female, made her appearance in his room, clad in black, with a heavily-embroidered lace veil thrown over her head in such a way as to entirely conceal her features. She appeared to be very attentive, moving noiselessly about, and anticipating his wishes in the smallest things. He watched her with great interest, and, at last, ventured to ask her several questions; but she seemed not to hear, and did not make the least reply.

Notwithstanding all her good care, as the time passed on, Norman grew restless and uneasy. His thoughts turned constantly back to Lucerne, towards which he had no doubt Elsie was still wandering; and often, when he supposed himself alone, he would pray aloud that God would protect her, and at last unite them in love once more in their happy home.

Sometimes he dreamed that Elsie came to him,

and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him again and again. So actual did this seem, that he would start up at once from his sleep ; but, when he looked around, he saw no one but the veiled widow, and she spoke not a word.

Dorcas still continued her visits, and, through her skilful treatment, after several weeks he was enabled to walk about his room, supported by a staff, and soon he ventured out into the pleasant, well-cultivated garden, in the rear of the cottage. From this time his little veiled attendant disappeared, and in her place he saw a woman much larger and coarser, who, after all, proved to be the widow, the lady of the house. He was very much puzzled, but could get no satisfactory answers to his inquiries. One morning, as he sat upon the stone bench near the door of the cottage, Dorcas came riding gayly along on her mule, looking uncommonly cheerful and good-natured.

"How are you, friend Norman?" she asked. "Why, you really look quite fresh and bright! and I should not wonder if you should soon be able to commence your search again for the great carbuncle."

Norman shook his head sorrowfully. "Before I was afflicted, I went astray," he said; "but now I trust I am a wiser man, and I only seek for those humble enjoyments in which there is both peace and profit."

"Ah, well," said Dorcas, "but one wishes to gain fame and a great name in this world; and, if you *should* find the great carbuncle, think what a mighty man it would make of you!"

"Give me back my Elsie," said Norman, "and my peaceful home, and I will ask for nothing more."

"But," replied Dorcas, "supposing that even now I would place a rich treasure in your hands, would you not take it in exchange for your little Elsie, about whom you make such an ado?"

"No, nothing!" said Norman, decidedly. "She is worth all the wealth of the world to me."

"How contrary and perverse you men are!" said Dorcas, in an impatient manner. "You almost lose your lives in seeking for a thing, and just when it is within your grasp, your interest is gone, and you cry out for something beyond your

reach. Come with me, and see if I cannot tempt you."

"I will go with you," said Norman, smiling, "because you have been a good friend to me; but I do not fear in the least that you will make me change my mind."

Another mule was soon procured, and they started for the home of Dorcas. Upon their arrival, she conducted him into the garden, where, as usual, a great many children were employed in various ways. As soon as they observed Norman and Dorcas, they came flocking about them with eager faces; but she waved them aside, and continued on through a shady path, till they came to a little arbor.

"Here," said Dorcas, "do I keep my treasure, and, if you refuse to accept it, I will never forgive you."

Norman gave his head a most decided shake. They entered, and upon a low bench sat the veiled lady.

"Now, Norman," said Dorcas, "be cruel if you can."

She threw back the veil, and revealed the well-

known features of Elsie ; her eyes sparkling with tears, and her whole face glowing with mirth and gladness.

One joyful cry from Norman, and she was clasped in his arms. He covered her face with kisses, and called her by all those endearing names which fond husbands usually apply to their beloved wives. O, it was a delightful scene ! and the good Dorcas, though she had no experience in matrimonial affairs, looked on with the greatest satisfaction.

Thereupon, the children, who had been lingering around, came hopping in at the door of the arbor, like so many summer birds, calling out to one another, "The poor woman has found her husband ! Our good little Elsie is happy once more."

CHAPTER V.

On a clear summer evening in Lucerne, as the last rays of sunset light faded from the sky, an old woman sat by her door and spun. On the step near her was a gray-haired man, quietly smoking his pipe. The heart of the spinner did not seem to

be in her work, for soon the wheel ceased its busy hum, the thread hung loosely in her hands, and she raised the corner of her apron to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"O, that our Lord would grant my prayer!" she said, "and let me see my darling Elsie once more before I die!"

"Ah me!" responded the old man, "that has been my constant thought this last year, and in my dreams I have wandered all over the face of the earth in search of her."

As they talked together, a crowd of people were seen coming down the road.

"What does that mean?" cried the old man, starting up. He shaded his eyes with his hands, and looked earnestly forward.

"It is! it is!" he exclaimed.

Down dropped his precious German pipe, which, next to his wife, he considered his chief treasure. Up sprang the old lady also, and, heedless of her fine-spun yarn, which tangled about her feet like a snare, she followed her husband up the road. The crowd of acquaintances and friends parted, and the

next moment the old people were weeping for joy on the necks of their children.

"Who would not be a wise man, and go in search of the great carbuncle, if he could come back looking so fresh and fine!" cried one of the villagers. "Tell me, Norman, are you a rich man?"

"Yes, truly so," he replied.

"What great discoveries have you made, and what have you learned?" said another.

"That man's highest aim should be to know himself."

"Have you found the great carbuncle?" cried out a third, who elbowed his way through the crowd, and stood before him with open mouth and eager eyes.

"No," said Norman, "but I have found 'the pearl of great price,' which is far better."

THE PRECIPICE.

[From the German of Agnes Franz.]

BY J. W. HANSON.

IN a beautiful mountain valley, not far from a much-frequented watering-place, sat a man of a sorrowful countenance, leaning his head on his hand. His face was pale, and clouds of grief hung around his brow. His gaze was sadly bent toward the earth, and whenever he looked upward he seemed to be asking mournful questions of the heavens.

A peasant, toiling in a neighboring field, observed the stranger with sympathy. He had often seen visitors at the bath, in various conditions, but he had never before beheld one apparently so unhappy as he.

"No egress!" was his singular language. "No egress from the labyrinth of grief! Painful, insurmountable, the future lies before me. Whichever way I turn, I am lost in darkness. My fortune is

gone, — the staff on which I depended is fallen, — my strength is exhausted in fruitless anxieties, and I stand on the verge of the abyss of misery, unable to save myself and mine !”

“Poor man ! who hath given you this sorrow ?” asked the peasant, sympathetically, going to the side of the stranger. He suddenly arose from his seat. “I was thinking of the way,” he said, indifferently. “I cannot find the path to the valley.”

“If this is all that troubles you, I can help you,” replied the peasant ; and he laid aside his implements of labor, and stepped in advance of the stranger, a cheerful guide. — “I will show you a new and unknown way,” said he, “and you shall be pleased with my guidance.”

Both entered a shaded path, full of refreshing coolness, and, if it sometimes seemed doubtful, as they occasionally saw a rushing river, and the stranger wondered concerning it, they always found a good bridge at the right time, and the peasant would smile and say, “You may always trust me !”

At one time the way was down a steep precipice. O, it seemed impossible to descend, and yet the path led directly to it. “Whither goes that ?”

asked the stranger. "What impassable gulf is this, and how foolish the attempt to seek a passage here! Thou hast led me by a false path!" he said, angrily, turning to the peasant. "The way is at an end, as you see, and night will overtake us in this wilderness, and I am more unfortunate than ever."

"Do not, dear sir, be troubled concerning distant things," said the peasant. "A little nearer, and you will see how differently everything appears."

At these words the stranger thought of his own fate, that lay before him, like the precipice, so inaccessible; and he saw in it an image of himself, and he was pale with fear, as he thought he must plunge headlong. But, as the peasant always went cheerfully forward, and looked back smilingly to his trembling follower, he began at length to reflect, "What if God hath led me hither in order to point out my own future?" And he thoughtfully pursued his way.

"Look up again!" resumed the peasant, as they stood on the edge of the rock. "You think we cannot descend here without great effort and weariness. But follow me trustfully, and you

shall soon travel easily, and look joyfully into the valley."

With glad expectation he doubled his pace, and, lo! he had gone but a few steps further, when he beheld, with surprise, a path leading down the precipice, by an easy descent, into the vale. Soft coolness breathed upon them; the foaming river brawled in the distance, without threatening the foot of the wanderer, and the rich landscape he saw at his feet seemed to reward him for his struggles.

"Thus learn that the good God of all, has his own way for each of us," said the peasant, with a smile. But the stranger stood still, and gazed with folded hands on the evening landscape. A tear of emotion trembled on his eyelashes, and it seemed as if a rock had rolled from his heart, and as though he was borne by strong hands over all the crags and gulfs of his life;—and the morning red of a new hope rose over him, and his soul was full of tranquillity.

"Behold yon pleasant house in the vale below," said the peasant. "Hence a few steps, and you reach the highway. Farewell! God give you a

happy heart!" The stranger would have reached him his hand on parting, but he had vanished from his sight.

He could contain his feelings no longer. Falling on his knees, he raised his hands to God, and cried, "O, thou Almighty! who canst employ means to put our little griefs to shame, — scorn not the tears of my contrition, which I offer thee on these lonely rock-altars! Let this occurrence teach me that thy grace leads me, and will never forsake me! Yea, even from the labyrinth of my sorrow thou canst guide me, even as thou hast shown me the way among these crags. Henceforth my cries shall cease. Thou art my trust, and the rock of my faith. In thee will I rest, and thy help shall ever go with me."

Then over the edge of the wooded height the moon appeared in its clear brightness, and it seemed as if a voice said, "I AM THY LIGHT BY DAY AND BY NIGHT, AND WILL NEVER LEAVE NOR FORSAKE THEE!"

And the wanderer arose with joy, and went down the rocky path with the vigor of youth; and God gave him new thoughts, and a happy future.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATION



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

THE Indian summer, soft and warm,
Had spread its haze along the sky,
And in the fields the golden corn
Told that the harvest-time was nigh.
The quail went whistling through the wood,
'Mid leaves of crimson, gold and green,
And asters blue, and golden-rod,
Along the forest-paths were seen.

Like wildwood elves, upon the hill
A group of happy children met ;
And foremost there were bright-eyed Will
And little golden-haired Nanette.
Then outspoke Will, right bold and free,
" Come, let us lead a gypsy life,
And I the gypsy chief will be,
And you, Nanette, shall be my wife.

We'll gather branches from the wood,
To build our camp-fire on the hill,
Then each shall haste to seek for food,
And bring us whatsoe'er he will."

Away, with ringing shout, they sped,
And quick the withered branches fell ;
The squirrel from his acorns fled,
The rabbit hastened to her cell.
All decked with plumes of feathery pine,
With sabres from the hickory-tree,
Through thistle-patch and ivy-vine,
The gallant band charged fearlessly.
With clear, fresh water from the brook,
They brought the produce of the fields,
Ripe berries from the shady nook,
And all the fruits that autumn yields.
The melons fair and peaches fine, —
Won by the force of love, not arms, —
With purple clusters from the vine,
In tempting order spread their charms.

"Now will we have a royal feast!"
The merry little chieftain said ;

"For not a monarch in the East
Can have a fairer table spread.
But one there is, whom I can name,
We *all* should wish might chance this way ;"
Then slowly up the hill there came
The village teacher, Gaffer Gray.
They turned with looks of glad surprise,
And then upsprang the gypsy band ;
With welcome words and joyful cries,
They ran to clasp him by the hand.

"Now may God bless thee, Gaffer Gray !
For coming ere our wish was known ;
Come, sit thee down a while, we pray,
And rest thee on this mossy stone."
Of autumn-leaves they formed a crown, —
The oak, and elm, and maple red, —
With dance and song they gathered round,
And placed it on his hoary head.

"Now art thou king, good Gaffer Gray !
Come, at our banquet take a seat ;
Your sovereign word we will obey,
And love shall make our duty sweet."

“God bless you all, dear lambs!” he said, —

“God bless you all!” he wept, he smiled;
Life raised her burden from his head,

And once again he seemed a child.

As Indian summer, soft and fair,

Can fruit, and flowers, and sunshine bring,

So Age, with Childhood lingering there,
Had changed its Winter into Spring.

O! blest is he who learns that art,

By which eternal youth is given,

Which makes the man a child in heart,

And guides him to the peace of heaven.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

THE apostle says, "Give thanks always for all things unto God." Such words as these are not to be regarded as the expression of religious enthusiasm, or as a rhetorical extravagance in the apostle's style. They are the plain, practical advice of one of the clearest heads that ever thought on life. Their value is increased by the fact that their author had endured almost to the extremity of human suffering, yet this sad experience could not shake his faith in the goodness of God. When a child, or a man with only a child's experience, preaches the beauty of thankfulness, we may reasonably suspect that greater knowledge of the world would somewhat abate the fervor of the exhortation; but when a man like Paul, who has seen and felt the very worst that this world can do, writes in such an exalted spirit, and says, "Give thanks *always* for *all things* unto God," we

must confess that thanksgiving and contentment are not only pleasant, but also the dictates of the highest wisdom, and the most sturdy common sense. We shall never prove ourselves remarkably great or good, by whining over the conditions of ourselves or the world. It is only the mark of a small mind and a weak faith to look always on the dark side of anything. The greater the affections, the more surely are they reconciled to God's providence; the larger the intellect, the more certainly does it discover the end of evil; the vaster the experience, the more evident does it become that there is a power working over and through all things, to harmonize and bless. Thus we may rely upon it that our darkest views of life are most apt to be the falsest; while the most cheerful aspect of things is that which God himself is pledged to verify.

I would now enforce the duty, as well as the pleasure, of looking upon *the bright side*; of habitually estimating our blessings, rather than complaining of our losses; in the words of Paul, of "giving thanks always for all things unto God."

Let us look at our life, in any of its relations, and tell me if we do not find greater cause for gratitude than complaint. Life itself, human, rational existence, secured to us forever, is a benefit so grand, that it overpowers every evil this world can inflict. Between ourselves, as we now are, with all our capacities for present excellence and happiness, and for everlasting improvement, and non-existence, is a contrast so great, that we should thank God every day we live for the blessing of life itself. Then, what is true of the whole is also true of the parts of life. In what portions of life has the divine providence failed us? Bodily health has been the rule, and disease the exception, in our lot. Could we count up the days when we have been healthy, free from pain, able to work and to enjoy life, and compare them with the days when we have not been in this condition, what a great difference should we find between the bodily pleasure and pain we have experienced! Even the most afflicted invalid has more ease and comfort than uneasiness and discomfort, on the whole. The way in which we talk of bodily suffering shows that it is unusual, the hateful excep-

tion to our ordinary state. In the enjoyment of the good things of life, we have equal reason for thankfulness. Each of us — indeed, almost every person living — has the great necessities of the body. We have, and always have had, enough to eat, and drink, and wear, to keep us in health and make us fit to labor, and to be honorable men and women, in the affairs of life. We have had a shelter over our heads. We have, in the course of our lives, experienced almost every social enjoyment. We have all had parents, most of us dear relatives and friends, and the sympathy of many people beyond our immediate circle. There is scarcely one of the great essential gifts of Providence which every one has not enjoyed. Then, how shall I speak adequately of the higher enjoyments and privileges of being; of the advantages of education, the opportunities for acquiring wisdom, for being instructed in righteousness, for being wise and good, for reaching any degree of excellence to which our worthy ambition and industry may aspire? Indeed, the way to comfort of body, to satisfaction of possessions, to prosperity and reputation, and especially to a religious life, is

open to all. All the essential blessings of existence are in our possession. We have each enough, and more than enough, to aid us in being true men and women; and, as manhood and womanhood are the aim of life, we should bless God always that we are permitted to attain what is superior to every other acquisition. The habit of our life is the reception of good,—only the exception is the endurance of evil. Is it not, then, unwise, as well as ungrateful, to foster a morbid gaze upon what is only the accident, and in our complaints overlook the great main fact of our lot?

And when we reflect upon our sufferings, there is still less reason to accuse God and our own fate. Let us divide our sorrows into two parts,—those that come from our own folly and sin, and those that are sent to us,—and how large a proportion of all our troubles are directly chargeable upon ourselves! *We* are the direct cause of most of the sickness in ourselves and our families. *Our* imprudence or improvidence generally prevents our greater enjoyment of the good things of life. *We* are to blame for remaining ignorant, when the whole universe offers itself as our schoolmaster.

We are chiefly censurable if we lose the good opinions of men, and that honorable position in society which is the reward of intelligence and virtue. There is hardly an evil of mind, body or estate, that visits us, which we have not purchased, and paid an extravagant price for, and been terribly cheated in the bargain. And of what do we complain? If we cut our own fingers, turn ourselves out of doors, or bring ourselves to sickness,—if we neglect wisdom and scorn holiness,—who is to blame for the results? If we think the pleasures of sin worth buying at the price of our peace, happiness and manhood, we can buy them if we choose, but don't let us grumble if we get "taken in," in the speculation! Rather let us learn wisdom for the future, and avoid that deceitful pleasure which is sure to turn to ashes in our hands, and leave us poor and sorrowful in the midst of God's bounties.

But some of our sorrows we suppose are sent to us by Providence. And there is one general view to be taken of these. The greater part of our trials are *losses*,—loss of health, of friends, of fortune, of happiness. Now, consider that, unless God had been supremely good, we should have *never*

had these things to lose. We are not the creators of our health. We did not obtain these friends, this fortune, this enjoyment, by our own merit or industry. All are the gifts of God. He gave them to us,—not because we deserved them, but because he loved us beyond expression. Therefore all the happiness we have enjoyed from them is so much clear gain to us,—something directly given out of the infinite benevolence. You have lost a dear friend, perhaps. Who gave him to you? who made him beautiful and precious? who made these blessed affections that rejoice in his excellence? who kept him and you alive, to become acquainted with each other, to delight in the pleasant and elevating interchange of thought and feeling? Reckon up all you ever enjoyed of him, and then ask, “Whom am I to thank for this?” Then think of the memory he has left; how that remembrance will be a part of your soul during your whole life; how ineffably tender and sustaining will be your silent reflections on what he was and is to you. And then recollect the promise of immortality, and the sublime hope of meeting him again in circumstances which insure you a greater

happiness than you ever before experienced. Who made you capable of such tender, such lasting, such immortal joys? Who gave this blessing for time and eternity? God only. And why? Because he loved you. Compare with a gift so magnificent as this the evil of a short separation, which, after all, may not be an evil if rightly used and improved, and tell me if gratitude is not the only feeling appropriate to a rational being under such circumstances? So it is with every loss. You never could have lost *anything*, had not God loved you well enough to give it you. And the blessing of the gift always surpasses the evil of the loss.

Now, when it is so evident that our lives are mainly blessed, and that our sorrows are chiefly purchased by our own folly and sin, of which we can always repent when we will, and that the benevolence of God's gifts entirely overpowers the affliction that comes from any loss, shall we not agree with the apostle, and repeat with our lips, and act out in our lives, his words, "Give thanks always for all things unto God"? Shall we not be thankful for what we are, and what we see all

around us? At the end of another year these pages come to us, and we are still alive, still enjoying the blessings of health, still comfortable and prosperous beyond our deserts, still able to become men and women by the proper use of the means in our hands? Some things we have lost during the year that is past, but nothing which faith and duty will not restore to us, or enable us to do without. Many things we have gained which testify to the continued mercy of Heaven. Spite of all our sins and failures, *we* are still alive, and competent to do the work and earn the rewards of human beings. Men have died, and suffered, and done wrong about us, but *society* still exists, with all its blessed privileges and prophecies for a better future. Some of the great and good have gone, but *America* is yet alive, a mighty and prosperous nation, with nothing to fear but her own wickedness, of which she can repent and live a yet grander life. And still the great system of Providence goes on, and the hope of humanity advances with every rolling year. And beyond all causes for thankfulness is the privilege of trust in God. For that love which built the world and gave us

Once, when the tempest's wing was dark,
A sleeper rose and calmed the sea,
And snatched from death the fragile bark;
Here was the spot, but who was he ?

He heard the surge impetuous roar,
And trod sublime its wildest crest ;
Redeemer ! was yon watery floor
Thus by thy glorious feet impressed ?

O, when each earthly hope and fear,
Each fleeting loss, each fancied gain,
Shall to our death-dimmed sight appear
Like the lost cities of the plain,

Then may the soul, enslaved no more,
Launch calmly on Salvation's sea,
And part from time's receding shore,
Lone, peaceful pelican ! like thee.

TRUE AND FALSE DIGNITY.

[Extract from an unprinted Lecture.]

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I AM not disposed to judge harshly the large class of young men who are said to "fail" because, commencing life without definite ideas of the necessity to the young of strict economy both of time and means, they are tempted into undue expenditures, and fall thence into pecuniary embarrassments. I can imagine cases in which this is but the overflow of a generous nature, anxious to make home pleasant to the dear brightener of its fireside, and to proffer a fitting hospitality to relatives and friends. Certainly, to contract debts without a morally sure prospect of paying them, is faulty, and, if intentional, is dishonest and criminal. The fraudulent bankrupt is a thief, and should be provided for accordingly. But the young man who, through simple want of experience, and imperfect knowledge of the value of money, supposing

himself well established in a good business, and in the receipt of an adequate and steadily-increasing income, supplies and adorns his home with elegances which he cannot really afford, and indulges tastes in equipage and entertainment which are beyond his actual means, is often only weak and uncircumspect, where a harsh and hasty judgment pronounces him dishonest. When the delusion vanishes at the lowering of trouble, — when protested notes, foreclosing mortgages, and possibly a snow-shower of writs and executions, pour upon him, — then comes the true trial of his character. Do not condemn him till then. If he take the lesson kindly, as it was intended, — if, without one weak murmur, one theatrical grimace, he discard all his finery and parade, and come promptly down to the level where fortune or his own folly has placed him, — if he welcome his friends as cordially to his naked two rooms up stairs as he did to the front parlor of his elegantly-furnished house, and take hold of any work which now solicits him — perhaps that of a journeyman in his old shop, a clerk in the store formerly his — as heartily and joyously as he ever presided over it,

— that man has not failed. He has rather risen than fallen, as a few years will make plain to the dullest apprehension. He will soon be in his old place again — assuming that he ever belonged there — and, profiting by his past errors, will pay his old debts and win a competence. Do not distrust, but have faith in him, and all will come out right.

Still, the fondness for display, the craving for elegance and luxury, is a weakness, which only youth, and love, and thoughtlessness, can excuse. All great, all good men, have either despised from the outset, or speedily outgrown it. A volume of portraits of the world's hundred greatest men, with outside and inside views of the dwellings wherein their lives were mainly passed, would prove most instructive and salutary. The simplicity of nature evinced in their countenances would seem but a reflex of that expressed by their homes. The mind absorbed by grand or benignant purposes must regard the trappings of luxury as impediments, as distractions, entirely out of keeping with the chief ends of our being. As a general rule, no man can be good for much whose dinner consumes two hours of his day in the providing and consuming

of it. Our great men in the ways of traffic — William Gray, Girard, Astor, McDonough — were all extremely simple in their habits, quite as much from taste as from economy. It was related of Gray while he lived, and never contradicted, that, when he was worth a million dollars, a young lawyer, seeing a humble, plainly-dressed man in the market of Boston, hired him to carry home the meat he had just purchased, which job was accepted and performed with alacrity. Arrived at his own door, the lawyer tendered a shilling, which the meat-carrier accepted with thanks. "And whenever you have any little job to give," added the meek receiver of the shilling, "just inquire for Billy Gray. Everybody about the market knows me." The lawyer blushed, shot into the house, and never again wanted a man to carry home his dinner, to the day of his death.

So Astor, when solicited for credit by a fur-buyer he did not know, took his references, and said he would promptly make inquiry, and give an answer. Meanwhile the customer bought a small package for cash, and took it on his shoulder to carry away with him. "Won't you have a

porter?" asked the monarch of the fur-trade. "No, I thank you," said the buyer; "I can carry this myself." "That's enough," said the shrewd Jacob; "I don't want to consult your references; you can have credit here for all you will buy." So it is with wise men, the world over. They *do* judge by appearances, but very differently from the judgment of the "moths" who "are ever caught by glare." McDonough dies, and his entire wardrobe is appraised at forty dollars, while his bequests for philanthropic purposes amount to millions. Girard, too, lived a reputed miser; but his will nobly refutes the calumny. It makes evident that he lived and saved to a benignant, unselfish end, and to such a life the reproach of avarice is wholly inapplicable.

The vice of extravagance, of inordinate expenditure, is one to which our countrymen are especially addicted. We are a sanguine people, and our past history and rapid progress give plausibility to the most magnificent expectations for the future. Looking back through a century, our country's career in arts, industry, population, wealth, would seem one uninterrupted and sweeping advance;

but, if regarded more closely, we find that this advance has been fitful and intermitted, like that of a rising tide-mark on the sandy beach; and sometimes years of depression and disaster have interrupted the progress of improvement. He who calculates that the country will be richer and vaster, its trade more extensive, its industry more efficient, fifty years hence, than they now are, has every probability on his side; but he who cherishes the assurance that *next* year's trade will necessarily be more active and prosperous than this, and incurs expenses and obligations on the strength of that expectation, is very likely to be disappointed and crippled. Excessive confidence in ourselves and our predestined good fortune is the national defect; let us be careful that it is not permitted to work our personal or national downfall.

WORK wins success, and indolence leads to failure; such is the general, if not the universal law. Of two children, it were very unsafe to predict that the brighter, quicker, wittier, will the better succeed in life; for very often his seeming duller playmate will outstrip him, and bear

to the tomb renown and blessings, while *he* falls by the wayside, and is forgotten. But ascertain that one of two children evinces rare assiduity and devotion to whatever befits his years and station, — that he does not dread and shun labor, but bears his part in it cheerfully and heartily, without making a theatric display of his energy and diligence, and that, while others devote all their leisure hours to frolic and recreation, he sits down by himself to read or study, and finds satisfactory employment in storing his mind with knowledge, agreeable society in the thoughts of earth's wisest and best instructors, — and you may very confidently assume that *that* youth, should life and health remain to him, will not in after life disgrace the name he bears, nor send a dagger to a mother's doting heart. He may not attain distinction, but he will very certainly secure esteem, and the tears of unshamed affection will water his grave, however lowly.

I know there is a mischievous activity, — a restless, vehement energy, — bespeaking mere dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a passion for change merely for the sake of change, or rather

for the personal advantage of the agitator. This spirit may very well impel to failure, through the selfishness and meanness of its aims; but to indolence and lack of purpose no success is possible.

WOMAN AND FAME.

BY MRS. S. M. PERKINS.

AMID the bold, mountainous, yet picturesque scenery of Wales, was once situated an ancient castle. The sea, the hill, the plain, were there; and lofty trees, and beautiful flowering shrubs, where summer's warblers sang their earliest, sweetest lays. The mansion in the midst of this rural scenery was once inhabited by a family from Liverpool.

Among the children, came a little imaginative, impulsive creature, beautiful as a dream, with sunny curls, and large, brilliant eyes, who skipped about, among the hills and peasantry, wild and free as the birds and flowers. A strange, eccentric child, as some called her, yet she usually won the love of those around her, from the lordly bishop of the neighborhood, down to the rustic gardener.

No school-room had ever received her within its walls, no stiff pedagogue had ever trained her

young mind to ways of maidenly propriety. Yet at home, among the trees and flowers, she had learned to read and study; perched in a tree where spring hangs her blossoms, she read Shakespeare, and recited his immortal plays; the rich color ever and anon tinging her cheek, as her vivid imagination called up the characters of her favorite bard. Friends looked on and smiled, and let her take her own wild ways. The child would spend hours watching the ever-changing motions of the sea, little heeding her own exposure to a storm, could she but stand upon the shore, and gaze upon the heaving billows, and listen to the moan of the waters.

Scenes like these made an indelible impression, and were favorable to the development of the poet-mind, that in after years should impart so much pleasure, touching a responsive chord in many hearts long after the soul that loved these scenes was exhaled to fairer shores of immortality. A love of military glory, too, was strong in her romantic nature; an elder brother was engaged in a distant war, and the whole soul of the young poet was absorbed in visions of the success of her

country's arms. This may partly account for her girlish fancy and preference for the military man she married when scarcely emerged from childhood.

But the child-wife was fast gaining fame as a poet. Her songs were admired by the gifted, and literary friends came forward with offers of assistance.

The union with her husband was not destined to be a happy one. The early fancy deepened not into the steady attachment of the woman. The glad, musical tones of childhood were heard in their home; yet even this was no tie to bind two ambitious hearts together.

The husband and father at length departed for sunny Italy, in quest of health and happiness, leaving the poet, the woman, the mother, with her increasing fame and her children.

But was she happy? Did the laurel-wreath contain no thorns for the brow? Did the admiring gaze of stranger eyes atone for the thrilling glance of love? Could the immortal gift drive loneliness and sadness from her heart and home? Did not those gushing songs sometimes proceed from an aching heart? Domestic happiness, offered

at the shrine of ambition ! eminence, attained at the expense of fireside joys !

Passing years taught her many a lesson of bitter experience, and revealed to her the emptiness of the world's applause. Her own words will express it.

“ Thou shalt have Fame ! O, mockery ! give the reed
From storms a shelter — give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may entwine —
Give the parched flower a rain-drop — and the meed
Of Love's kind words to woman.”

“ They crown me with a glittering crown,
Borne from a deathless tree ;
I hear the pealing music of renown, —
O, Love, forsake me not !
Mine were a lone, dark lot,
Bereft of thee ! ”

Could the pealing music of renown have yielded peace to a woman's heart, then surely hers would have been abundantly satisfied. For the gifted, the great, and the good, were her professed friends and correspondents, and she was received as an honored guest at more than one lordly mansion.

It was after the breaking up of the family circle in Wales, and her removal to a distant city, that

she visited Abbotsford, the charming residence of Sir Walter Scott, and enjoyed a while the society of this celebrated novelist. Her own words will express the cordiality with which she was received.

"I should indeed enjoy life here, but that strange, solitary feeling, which I cannot chase away, comes over me too often, like a dark, sudden shadow, bringing with it an utter indifference to all around. I lose it most frequently, however, in Sir Walter Scott's society. I cannot say enough of his cordial kindness to me, making me feel at Abbotsford as if the stately rooms of the proud, ancestral-looking place were old familiar scenes to me. Yesterday I rode with him in an open carriage, to visit the pleasant banks of the Yarrow. The day was lovely, smiling upon us with a real blue, sunny sky, and we passed many storied spots, the spirit of the master-mind calling up sudden pictures from every knoll and cairn that we passed."

She was also an inmate, a while, of Wordsworth's pleasant home, and described the singular felicity of his home-joys, and enjoyed with him many delightful rides and walks, around the Lake scenery of his residence. They read from favorite authors,

and she mentions the poet's reading as being more slow, solemn and *earnest*, than any to which she had ever before listened, his deep, spiritual tones seeming to belong to the religion of the place. The kindness of Wordsworth to the poet-woman was real and unaffected, and the influence of his exalted Christian mind upon a nature like hers was genial and lasting. Indeed, from this time, she seemed to entertain more correct views of human life and duty, and possess more longing aspirations after excellence in her daily life.

But, returning to her city home, she received more than ever before the adulation of the multitude, and visitors and invitations came in perplexing numbers. American tourists, too, were among the number of her visitors, pouring flattering words in her ear of the favor shown her poems in another hemisphere. She playfully says, of her guests :

"I appear to be regarded as rather a 'curious thing.' The gentlemen treat me as I suppose they would the muse Calliope, were she to descend among them ; that is, with much *solemn* reverence, and constant allusions to poetry. The ladies, every time I happen to speak, look as if they expected

sparks of fire, or some other marvellous thing, would proceed from my lips, as from those of the Sea-princess in Arabian fiction."

But happiness came not with the crowd. On one occasion, visiting the grave of a departed sister-poet, in company with a choice number of literary friends, she describes her own feelings as being those of hearty envy for the sweet repose of the quiet dead. Her weary woman's heart craved the sleep of death, in preference to the homage of the *unloving* world. But, during the last years of this gifted one, her mind turned for consolation to the religion of the cross, and light sprung up from the surrounding gloom and darkness. She commenced a thorough examination of the Holy Scriptures, and her hopes were gradually centred upon the "Rock of Ages."

Human praise then reached her ears accompanied with the chastened feeling of unworthiness, of talents wasted, and time misspent. And to holier aims and a more worthy mission were the last years of her life devoted. Aside from the Bible, Milton and Wordsworth, and our own pure-minded Channing, were the authors, the "minister-

ing spirits," as she termed them, in her resolutions to turn from the heartless world, and to keep bright the comforting thoughts of the spirit-land, to which her failing health warned her that she was hastening.

Her last volume of poems bears testimony that she at last consecrated her rare and refined powers of mind to the service of Heaven. Deep sorrows had solemnized her whole being; the "discipline of storms" was exerting an influence to lead her mind upward, and only in the religion of the Saviour, which has afforded consolation to so many sorrowing hearts, did she find the peace she once so eagerly sought in the praise of her fellow-mortals.

From this period it is more pleasant to trace the history of the gifted woman. Her health was failing, and the ties of earth gradually withdrawing their grasp, while the spirit-world seemed nearer, and more desirable. Angels were beckoning her heavenward. The deep mystery of human life to her was solved, when earthly trials had led her to Jesus, the contemplation of whose life and mission was the sweetness of her dying couch.

In the last days of her life, her mind turned

with vain yearnings for the haunts of her childhood. The sea-shore, the grove, the trees, where she studied and sported when life was new, — the home in Wales that had once sheltered her, and the loved ones of her heart, — were present to her waking or sleeping vision, and even in hours of delirium she was again 'mid the scenes of her early life. She died in the beauty and bloom of womanhood, peacefully as an infant falls to sleep, or the flowers close their silky petals at the going down of the summer's sun.

Her songs are sung in every land ; her admirers are found in every clime, where civilization has entered with her forerunners, education and religion. Yet, whenever the name of Felicia Hemans is mentioned, may her sex remember that woman, in the appropriate duties of her lot, with loving friends around, is far happier than when coping with the envious world, in the haunts of fame !

SONG.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

FORGET thee! Can the heart forget
That which it holds so fondly dear,
Can see its worshipped idol set
In gloom than night more dark and drear,
And bury all the feelings warm
That give to life its sweetest charm?

Forget thee! When the blushing flower
Forgets what gave its beauty birth,
The sunshine of the morning hour
The dews that nightly bless the earth,
Then shall my heart forget the friend
With whom my holiest memories blend!

Forget thee! When the limpid stream
Forgets to mirror in its tide
The flowers that line its banks of green,
And o'er it bend in graceful pride,

Then shall my soul reflect no more
The image it would fain adore !

Forget thee ! If to think of thee
As often as the morning beams,
As oft as evening veils the lea,
And meet thee ever in my dreams,
Be to forget thee, then my heart
Is learning fast the lethean art !

THE FENYIET SLEEP.

BY REV. A. G. LAURIE.

O HOOLIE, hoolie, Sawnie lad, softly.
Slip lichtlie as a maukin ! hare.
For Bell is unco skeigh, the jaud, easily startled.
An' or ye kiss, may wauken.

But bide na lang, wi keppit breath, caught.
Hard grippin' to your gun ;
Swith ! forrit man, or, by my faith,
She 'll lauch, and spoil the fun.

A gaucie, sonsie, weel-faured quean, plump.
Wi' shouthers like the snaw ; pleasant.
Twa sleepin' stars her clouded e'en,
An' lips that shame the haw : hawthorn berry.

An' swallowin in your greedy view,
In beauties half abroad,
A heart as leal as ever grew
Aneath the loof o' God : palm.

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Od! man, were I but in your shoon,
 But leave o' kirk or priest, without.
 By a' the kindly powers aboon,
 She'd wauken on my briest!

What reck her e'en wi pawkie airt sly.
 Steeve steeket like a door? firmly shut.
 Thae lugs are gleg, an' O that heart ears.
alert.
 Is loupin for a splore. frolic.

Ne'er speak but spin,* tak ye my rede,
 Your darguin's no be vain, — day's work.
 Tho' on the muirs ye've come nae speed, —
 A plichted lass your ain.

* A proverb.

THE MUSE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

COMPANION of my childhood! who would steal
So soft beside me, and I knew it not
Till tuneful numbers woke my wondering ear, —
Sweet friend of youth! sowing my thornless path
With breathing flowers,— Solace of years mature!
I would not lose thee when my locks are gray,
But fain would bear thee company till death
Dissolve all earthly ties.

I know 't is said
That age alarms thee, and its thin, cold blood
Suits not thy kindling hopes; that he who dips
His bowl in Helicon must plunge it there
With youthful hand. But yet forsake me not;
And if no longer at thy banquet-board
A favored guest I sit, yet let me share
The crumbs that fall from thence. I'll feed on
them
And be content.

For thou hast been to me
The one unchanging, unreproachful friend,
In all adversity; and to thy skirts
I'd cling, till through the opening gate of heaven
I heard the angels sing.

8*

A LEAF FROM THE EARLY LIFE OF MRS. BLOSSOM.

BY MRS. N. T. MONROE.

It was Monday morning. Mrs. Bounce had risen very early, — for she was a notable smart woman, — had got breakfast, washed the dishes, and was now putting her last clothes on the line, and it was not yet nine o'clock. Mrs. Bounce was one of those smart women which past time has produced, but which we seldom see now-a-days. She did her work herself, always finishing her washing, her ironing, her cooking, before any one else in the neighborhood. Her kitchen was cleaned up before ten o'clock, and the good woman would have thought the world was coming to an end, had any of her work been about after dinner. She was indeed a most exemplary woman, though it must be owned that her range of mental attainments was rather limited. She was eloquent as to the best methods of cooking, cleaning paint, or anything

pertaining to domestic economy ; but Mrs. Bounce never overstepped the proper sphere of woman ; she meddled not with politics ; dabbled not in literature, further than to consult the almanac occasionally, or read the deaths, marriages and accidents, in the newspaper ; and at the present time, it must be said, Mrs. Bounce met with considerable of the latter kind of reading. Yet was Mrs. Bounce's mind as active as her body ; and, for lack of better employment, she took a great deal of interest in all the affairs of the neighborhood. In truth, her knowledge of her neighbors' doings was really wonderful. She could tell how many dresses Mrs. C—— had had in a year ; she knew where Mr. D—— bought the new crape shawl, and the price he paid for it, — a great piece of extravagance, by the way, as the new black mantilla Mrs. D—— had, the previous summer, was good enough for anybody. But, this very Monday morning, Mrs. Bounce's mind, as she busily pursued her washing, was very much exercised about a new neighbor of hers, a young and very pretty bride. She spoke to her eldest daughter,

—a fine girl of sixteen, though not at all equal to her mother in point of smartness.

“Well, Sarah, another new bonnet! That is the third new bonnet I have seen Mrs. Blossom wear since she was married, and no one among them could have cost less than six or seven dollars. I hope her husband is well off; he ought to be rich, I am sure; but I understand that he has just started in business, and I should think that three new bonnets in about eight months, shawls and dresses to match, and a girl to whom they pay nine shillings a week, must make quite a hole in one’s pocket. I wonder,” she continued, “if she knows anything about house-work. ’Tis n’t likely she does, for Mrs. Pekin says that she saw the girl making pies and cake; and, if she had known how, quite likely she would have done them herself. Come, Sarah, this is all; be quick, now, sweep up the kitchen-floor ready for scrubbing, for we must finish your father’s shirt to-day.”

Mrs. Blossom sat in her parlor on this same Monday morning, and — have patience, good Mrs. Bounce! — was reading a poem from Longfellow! — yes, and a Monday morning too. “Where had

the woman lived all her days?" Woman! Mrs. Bounce, remember, my dear lady, that Mrs. Blossom is very young, — not much older than your daughter Sarah; and though, to be sure, Sarah may never be guilty of doing such a foolish thing as reading poetry of a Monday morning, yet that, good Mrs. Bounce, is owing to your superior training.

But there she sat, a pretty picture enough, to be sure. There was a bewitching girlishness about her figure as she sat half hidden in a stuffed easy-chair, one small white hand hidden in her luxuriant hair, and the other holding the book open upon her lap.

"O, isn't it sweet? I do so like Longfellow, and this poem particularly, ever since Willie spoke of it to me!" Then Mrs. Blossom rose, put the book aside, and busied herself in arranging some flowers which she had just brought in. After this was done to her satisfaction, she dusted the furniture; then, taking out the prettiest little work-basket in the world, seated herself in the aforesaid easy-chair, drew forth some fairy-like needle-work, with which she busied herself while ever and anon

a smile stole over her features, telling of the happy thoughts within her heart. Suddenly she jumped up, and, leaving the parlor, went to her chamber. She took from a handbox a delicate, pretty bonnet, and, turning it round and round, soliloquized thus :

"Now, I think that is a very pretty bonnet. I wonder what made William look so strange about it. I'm afraid he does n't like it. If I thought so, I would change it. Perhaps he would like better the crape, with the blue flowers, — which, to be sure, costs more; but then I'd not mind, if he liked it better. I'll ask him, when he comes home."

"Please ma'am," said a voice at the foot of the stairs, "do you think an hour long enough to boil the cabbage?"

"I don't know, Biddy, I'm sure. How long do you generally boil them?"

"Well, ma'am, they're not large at all, and I'm thinking an hour would do them."

"Very well, Biddy, boil them an hour; and be sure and have a nice pudding, won't you?"

Biddy made no audible reply to her mistress,

but, as she turned away, she said to herself, "Bless the heart of her! sure, it's very little she knows about boiling cabbages or making puddings; and if she was n't the sweetest disposition in the world, I'd be discouraged entirely. All the week's washing to do, besides the other work; but she never finds fault, bless her sweet face!"

So the washing and the dinner went on, thanks to Biddy; but, if Mrs. Bounce had happened in after dinner, she would have stared in utter amazement, for the kitchen-floor was still unwashed. A pretty housekeeper, truly!

It must be confessed that Mrs. Blossom was lamentably ignorant of household matters,—and what else could have been expected? She was very young, and never had had the slightest care; her days, till now, having been chiefly passed at school. Mr. Blossom saw her, fell in love with her, married her, brought her from her mother's home, where she had been but a spoiled child, to take the lead in a house of her own, and supposed to take upon herself all its cares and responsibilities. Is it to be wondered at if she came not up to Mrs. Bounce's standard of a perfect housekeeper?

She knew nothing of the value of money ; she had been used to having it just when she wanted it, without a care or thought. It surely was not strange if she was not very economical. In truth, she was a gentle, lovable creature, the prettiest and sweetest little wife in the world, but not over thoughtful or considerate.

As Mr. and Mrs. Blossom sat one day chatting over their dinner, Etty suddenly changed the conversation, and, with the most housekeeper-like look in the world, she inquired, " William, who makes your shirts ? For, did you know that yours were nearly worn out ? "

" An aunt of mine has made them ; but I told her," said he, roguishly, " that I should not trouble her to make any more."

" Why, William," said she, with perfect Dora-like simplicity ; " what *do* you mean ? They were made beautifully, and fitted you so nicely. Why did you tell her so ? "

" I thought," said he, still smiling, " that it would be the pleasure of a younger lady of my acquaintance to make them."

" But didn't she feel badly, William, to lose

your custom? It seems to me it was hardly right."

William thought a moment. "Did you ever make a shirt, Etty?"

"Me!" said she, opening wide her blue eyes in childish wonder. "No, I should n't know how to go about it."

"Then you wish I should speak to my aunt in preference to the young lady, do you?"

"O, just as you please, William; but then she makes them so nicely, it seems a pity to change."

"I will speak to her about it," said he, rising and taking his hat.

"Can't you call at the book-store, William," said she, putting her little hand upon his arm and looking up into his face very lovingly, "and bring home the 'Lamplighter'? Now do, and we will read it this evening."

What wonder if he stooped down and kissed the sweet childish face in reply, and thought it was no matter if she did n't know how to make a shirt!

Everybody says it is very wrong to bring up children in the way in which Mrs. Blossom had been brought up; and, to be sure, it is, especially in

this country, where every one is subject to reverses of fortune, and where even affluence cannot always secure good and faithful servants. Alas for the woman who has no knowledge nor experience in household affairs! When her servants leave her, and she is obliged to depend upon herself, the slightest task is to her an enormous labor, and the cooking of a dinner, and the clearing away of the same, an undertaking to which she feels herself wholly inadequate. Then have a little sympathy for Mrs. Blossom, when her faithful Biddy was taken suddenly ill, and she was left alone. O, that first dinner! The commencement of Mrs. Blossom's trouble was, that she knew nothing about a coal-fire. It would get up, she said, very smart in the morning, but would soon grow tired, and all her coaxing could not keep it bright. She did n't know that a coal-fire was like some people, — the less you meddle with them, the better they will work, provided you give them enough to work upon.

Alas for Mrs. Blossom! She had the easiest dinner in the world to cook, — a fine piece of beef to roast, — and she determined to devote her whole

attention to it, so that William should see that she *could* cook a dinner as well as Biddy. She made up a nice fire, as she thought, and put in her meat. Of course it would bake with such a bright fire; but, unfortunately, she had forgotten that the damper, which let the heat into the oven, was shut. She looked in upon the meat quite often, but, to her astonishment, it did not cook, and the fire burning so beautifully! "What can be the matter? It will never be done for dinner; it doesn't brown a bit!" And Mrs. Blossom worried herself into a great heat because her dinner would not cook.

Just then, to her great relief, came in Sarah Bounce, whose mother wished to know if Mrs. Blossom would be so very kind as to let her have the pattern of the beautiful mantilla she had seen her wear.

"Certainly," said Etty; "but, Sarah dear, I am in the greatest trouble. Biddy has gone, and I'm trying to roast a piece of beef for dinner; and it will not cook, all I can do; and see what a beautiful fire!" and she lifted off the cover.

"But, Mrs. Blossom," said Sarah, "your damper, that lets the heat into the oven, is closed."

"O, dear, so it is! I'm so glad you came in! Now, come up stairs with me, and I'll give you the pattern."

"But, Mrs. Blossom, your stove needs more coal; your fire will soon be down."

"Why, it burns very brightly."

"Yes, but the heat has all gone out of the coal, you have had so much draught upon it, and the fire will very soon go out."

"O, dear!" said she, "I never shall learn about these horrid coal-fires!"

Mrs. Blossom's dinner was not done in very good season, but her husband waited with the very best grace. She gave him a most pathetic description of her troubles,—how the meat would not cook, and the potatoes would not boil.

"But have you no pudding or pie, Etty?" said he, after eating his meat.

"Ah, William, I forgot all about it. It is too bad, but, indeed, I had no time to make any; but there are some nuts and some cake in the closet, which we can have instead."

So they finished their dinner with nuts and cake, and after dinner came the task of clearing away;

and a tired woman was Mrs. Blossom when she laid her head upon her pillow that night.

Etty needed very much a kind and true friend; a friend to tell her that she spent quite too much money, and was altogether too extravagant, for the wife of a young man just commencing life. Now, she would willingly have done without many a pretty article in the way of dress, had she had the least idea that her husband was pressed for money.

Mr. Blossom was one of the best men in the world, but he erred very much in regard to his wife. Had he spoken to her kindly and tenderly, telling her what he could afford and what he could not, appealing to her better judgment, all would have been right; but he thought it useless to worry her with business matters; indeed, he was fearful she would open her eyes with wonder, and say, "Why, William, how can you talk so?" and then go away and forget it all. But he did not know her. True, she had always been treated like a child, till she almost seemed like one; but, after all, she was a woman, and should have been treated and trusted as such. She was not one of your

strong-minded women. Had she been, she would have known all about her husband's affairs, just how much money she could spend for her dress, and just how much their expenses fell short of or exceeded their income. No, she was a loving and affectionate creature, ambitious no further than to gain the love and good-will of those around her; seeming to enjoy life with her whole heart, and with as little care or thought as the flowers themselves.

Some thought her rather too childish, and wondered at her husband's choice; thinking, however, he had been caught by a pretty face. And, as time passed on, the truth must be told, Mr. Blossom himself almost wondered at his wife's simplicity and ignorance on some points. However, to proceed.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Bounce to her daughter, one day, on her return from visiting Mrs. Blossom, "what lady was that the omnibus just left at Mrs. Blossom's?"

"Mr. Blossom's aunt, Miss Scott, who has come to make a visit of three or four weeks."

"An old maid, I guess," said Mrs. Bounce.

"Yes, I believe she is."

"I thought so; she looked so precise, and she was so dreadful particular about her baggage. I fancy she'll not find everything so nice with Mrs. Blossom. These old maids are apt to be very troublesome. Has she ever visited here before?"

"No, mother. Mr. Blossom is a great favorite of hers; indeed, I believe she brought him up; she has always been like a mother to him, so his wife says."

"Well, I hope they will get along without trouble. How does Mrs. Blossom like her new girl?"

"Very well; she says she makes delicious pies and cakes."

"She is very fortunate in her help, I'm sure."

This, then, was the maiden aunt who had always made Willie's shirts, and who had now come to make Etty a visit, and the shirts at the same time.

Miss Sarah Scott, though a maiden lady, was a very fine, nice, shrewd, noble-hearted lady, too. She had, indeed, been as a mother to William

Blossom ; for his mother had died when he was a boy, giving her only child to the care of her sister. His father married a gay, dashing, handsome wife ; and William, unmolested by parental authority, was left with his aunt. And this had been well for the boy, and well for Miss Scott. She had something to love, and he had the best of care and the best of principles instilled into his youthful heart.

We have said she was a shrewd woman ; and so she was. She seemed to see things at a glance, having a most remarkable gift of reading character ; and when William came to her with the request that she would make him a dozen shirts, she saw in a moment how matters were, and, without asking him another question, said, " I am coming to make you a long visit, Willie, if you think it will be agreeable to your wife ; and I can make the shirts then."

William was delighted, and he knew Etty would be ; so he said, " That is right. Etty has often expressed a wish that you would visit us."

" Well, Willie, you tell her to get the cloth and the linen, and I will be with her next week."

"O, aunt, you had better get the material yourself; I think she would prefer that you would do so."

"Very well," said she, with a smile; "I will do as you think best."

Aunt Sarah had a trim, neat figure, and she stepped round with a quick, elastic tread, and her bright gray eyes saw everything that was going on. She had not been long with Mrs. Blossom ere she saw and understood everything about the house.

She saw what a spoiled, petted child Willie had for a wife; how little she understood or realized the duties of her new station; but still she saw, at the same time, the kind heart, the sweet disposition, and she did not despair. She saw the expensive bonnets, the delicate collars, the rich laces, and other etoeteras of a lady's dress, so pretty and delicate, yet so expensive; and she thought of Willie's purse, which must furnish the cash for all these things; yet, at the same time, she saw the pure love of that heart for Willie himself, and she saw how wholly unsuspecting Etty was that she could be spending more money than she

ought for these pretty things. One single day showed all these things to the quick gray eyes of Aunt Sarah; and that night, when she retired, she shook her head, saying to herself, "This will never do; this little bewitching, loving wife must be made to understand her duties better. All these things may do very well for a time; but when business is dull, and Willie grows older, he will see that his sweet wife is, after all, a very expensive companion, very pretty to look at, but not exactly what is meant by the sacred name of wife. And he will never tell her plainly what she ought to know. No; I know Willie Blossom well; he will let her do just as she pleases; give her money, though he has to borrow it; indulge her in every wish, but at the same time his heart will not lean upon her and confide in her as his heart should do, and so his life will not be happy as it ought to be, in the love of a true wife. This must not be. Though I get the name of a meddling old maid, I must see what my interference can effect here."

Now, gentle reader, don't think, for one moment, that Aunt Sarah went to work the very next morning, in a truly radical style; that she came

down to breakfast ready armed with a long lecture to Etty upon her duties as a wife; that she walked into the kitchen and superintended the operations going on there; that she immediately invested Etty with a bunch of keys and a book to note down all the expenses of housekeeping. No such thing. She went to work in just the gentlest way possible; that is, she did not seem to go to work at all.

In the first place, she gained the heart of the little wife, by entering into all her feelings, taking an interest in all the things she loved. She did not laugh at her for spending so much time on fancy-work, nor turn up her nose scornfully when she went into ecstasies over a new novel or poem she had been reading. On the contrary, she praised the needlework, and told her she would like to hear her read from the book she was praising.

During the course of the forenoon, she said, "Come, Etty, here is the linen for your husband's shirts; we will cut them out this morning, if you are at leisure." And Aunt Sarah laughed to herself as she used the word leisure, for Etty always seemed to be at leisure.

The reply to her remark was a merry laugh. "Me, Aunt Sarah! you don't know what an ignoramus I am. Indeed, I can't be of the least assistance to you."

"Well, Etty, here is the pattern, and it surely can't be such a difficult job. If I mistake not, you do most of your work from a pattern."

Etty laughed a little girlish laugh. "Why, yes," said she, "but, then, that is different."

"To be sure it is, my dear Etty," said she, "but no more difficult. I suppose you have no objection to helping me on them, after I have cut them out."

"None in the least," said Etty, "if you will show me."

"That I will do, with pleasure."

So Aunt Sarah went to work upon the shirts, taking good care that Etty should see and understand all she was doing.

And now it grew towards noon, and during the conversation Aunt Sarah remarked, "You have a very good girl, have n't you, Etty?"

"O, yes, a beautiful girl! She does everything

so nicely ! She makes delicious puddings and pies, and understands all about cooking."

"Where did she learn to do all these things?"

"She has lived in very genteel families, where such cooking was done."

"And you don't need to go down to see anything about dinner?"

"O, no, indeed! William always sends home the meat, and she knows how to cook it without troubling me; and she makes any kind of pudding she chooses."

"But is n't she expensive in her style of cooking, having lived in very rich families? I should suppose, if left so entirely to herself, she might not be as economical as you might wish. Your small family is very different from those where she has been in the habit of living."

"I do not think she is extravagant. William would know if she was, for he always sends the groceries, and I have not heard him say anything about it."

"That might be, too, Etty. Willie would not mention it, I think, even if he thought the grocery bill too large."

Etty was thoughtful for a few moments, — an unusual thing for her; but sometimes a few words, spoken at the right moment, and in the right way, may open a woman's eyes, and enlighten her quick understanding, surprisingly. She was thinking that Ellen's nice puddings, pies and cake, could not be made without butter, sugar, and eggs.

Just then the dinner-bell rung. Ellen had set a nice dinner upon the table; a piece of fresh pork, nicely cooked, followed by a very delicious pudding and nice apple-pie.

"I will take no pie, if you please, Etty; the pudding is quite sufficient. I hope you had no extra dish on my account."

"It is merely a notion of Ellen's; sometimes she is very generous, and gives us both pudding and pie."

The next day, at dinner, a nice piece of roast-beef was put upon the table.

"Why, Etty!" said Aunt Sarah, during the course of the meal, "what have you done with the pork left from yesterday's dinner? There must have been considerable, as I noticed the piece was quite large."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Etty; "I had not thought of it."

"You must excuse me, my dear Etty, for asking such questions, but cold roast pork makes a very nice dinner, and there seemed to be too much left to be thrown away."

"Certainly, aunt, — I will inquire."

Accordingly, when she went into the kitchen, she inquired of Ellen what she had done with the remains of yesterday's dinner.

"I thought, ma'am," said she, "that you'd not want it set on the table again, as it was mostly bone, and so I threw it away. And when Mr. Blossom asked if we wanted any meat for dinner to-day, I told him we did, as we had none."

"I thought, Ellen, there was considerable left. I should have looked at it myself. Another time, Ellen, you need not throw anything away without first asking me."

So saying, Mrs. Blossom left the kitchen.

"Well, well," said Ellen to herself, "this is a wonder, certainly! As long as I have been in the house, this is the first time she wanted to know what became of the cold meat. This comes of that

meddling old maid. I thought it would be so. The next thing she'll be counting the pieces of bread and potatoes that are left. How particular some folks are, to be sure, to care for a bit of meat! I hate to see people so mean."

No wonder that Ellen was sorry at the turn affairs had taken; for the leavings of one table had well supplied another, quite unsuspected by Mrs. Blossom.

In the mean while, the shirts progressed finely, Etty becoming quite interested. She made one entirely herself, and presented it, with great ceremony, to her husband, as her own work.

"Why," said he, much pleased, "I think a certain young lady begins to be quite interested in shirt-making. I think she may get my custom, after all."

Etty opened her eyes wide, as was her wont when amazed, and at last she laughed outright.

"Why, William! I understand now, but I had n't the least suspicion when you said that your aunt would not make your shirts any more, as a young lady of your acquaintance was going to make them. O, how stupid in me, I declare!

Why did n't you enlighten me, William, if I was so stupid I could not take a hint?"

"O, I knew aunt would willingly make them; and, as you had never made any, I was afraid you might spoil them if you attempted it."

"Well, thanks to Aunt Sarah," said she, going up to her and kissing her affectionately, "there is no danger of that now, as she has initiated me into all the mysteries."

"I think Aunt Sarah must have given you lessons in other departments," said her husband. "I have not sent home half the usual quantity of provisions since she has been here."

"We've had enough to eat, have n't we, aunt?"

"Yes, Etty, and I have n't meddled with the kitchen, have I?—although I must own Ellen looks somewhat sulkily at me when I do venture to pass through her territories. No, William, your wife is a very apt scholar. I just hinted to her that cold meat was very good eating, and that, to secure it, it was necessary to look after it a little; and also that cakes, puddings and pies, in such rich profusion, must take butter, sugar and eggs; and, a word to the wise being sufficient, I find she has

grown to be a very frequent visitor to the kitchen, and I think she is getting to be a very economical housekeeper."

William looked at his wife with a very smiling face. "I am very glad indeed to hear this, for provisions and groceries are so high I began to think I should be obliged to break up housekeeping and board out. How would you have liked that, Etty?"

"O not at all! Don't do it, William, I beg; I will be very economical indeed. You will see, at the end of the quarter, what a small grocery-bill we shall have. You should have told me of these things, William. I did n't know the cost of provisions; I did n't know what you could afford, and what you could not; but, somehow, good Aunt Sarah, here, has taught me to think. I don't know how it is,—she never told me so exactly,—but still she has made me feel that I have been extravagant; and, now I *know* better, I intend to *do* better. If I have done wrong, it has been through ignorance."

"Why, Etty, you really surprise me!" said her husband.

"I do not doubt it," said she; "but I am going

to blame you a little. You should have been more frank with me in telling me of your affairs. I did n't want you to give me money for articles which you knew you could not afford. I was a spoiled, and petted child at home; but, then, I could listen to reason, and was willing to make every sacrifice for those I love. I care more for the love and confidence of my husband than for dress, and ease, and show. In fine," said she, brushing away the tears which had gathered in her eyes, and drawing up her slight figure to its full height, "I am a woman, and wish to be treated as such."

"And so you shall be, my own wife!" said William, putting his arm around her very proudly. "I thank you for the lesson you have taught me. I see plainly I have been to blame; but I feared that by speaking I might wound your feelings, and I did not wish to do that."

"Better do that, Willie, than keep from me that which I ought to know. You must thank Aunt Sarah for having opened my eyes to my short-comings."

"Not so, Etty; it was your own good sense. I just threw out a gentle hint, I will own; but, then,

don't give me too much credit. I have now a few words to say, which will apply to both of you. Let there be perfect confidence between you in all things, — in money matters as everything else; for there is nothing so destructive to matrimonial happiness, in the opinion of an old maid, as for the wife to be in ignorance of her husband's affairs, and the husband scorning to trust his business matters to a woman, because she is a woman, and, in his mistaken opinion, can take no interest in such things."

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And say that duty well performed is found
Alone in active life. O, know they not
That to act well and wisely needs much thought?
And that the noblest, truest souls will scorn
To bow in tame submission to the rules
Which custom may have sanctioned, if they be
Not sanctioned too by reason?

Has not each
A judgment for himself? and can one hold
In trust this noblest attribute of man,
And yet be guiltless if he fail to use
The gift which God has given, and idly rest,
While others choose the path his steps shall take?
Think ye *he* will not be responsible
If 't is not chosen wisely? Can he say
That others better knew each deep recess
And secret winding of his soul than he,

And that their conscience was a better guide
Than was his own ?

Ye who thus weakly plead,
Have ye forgotten the one talent hidden ?
O, look well to it that ye be not found
Guilty of sin more fearful than the steward's ;
For, be assured, though light the task may seem
To place our acts upon another's hands,
Ourselves must answer for our sins ; and sin
It is to be endowed with reason's power,
And let it be a wholly wasted boon.
Let us *all* learn to think, remembering well
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The fragrant trees, the birds, the dreamy flowers, the lulling streams, the quiet ponds that mirror the dark overhanging firs, the dim religious light of the dense woods, where the sun-gleams are so few and fitful that the sarracenia peeps timidly from the moist earth,—all these had a spell to attract thither finely-developed spirits.

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she loved with a peculiar love ; and little graceful vines, hiding beneath protecting shrubs, were sought by her, and questioned of their secret life ; and they answered her deep interest, and seemed endowed with the perception of her angelic nature.

Her intense affections and self-devotedness, that were forbidden to rest on individual being, were showered in blessings on all who came around her.

She clothed the needy, she healed the sick, she visited the mourner, and lived to God, and in view of her immortal life. Her presence was delightful to all who had sufficiently emerged from sense to be admitted into full communion with her spirit. They entered into the Holy of Holies, and were penetrated and filled with the unknown power that taught them through *her*, the chosen priestess of the mysterious shrine. They sought her companionship, and loved to sit with her in the green dells, and question the tiny flower and little vine of their secret sympathies and concealed life. They walked in the depths of the dark woods, and listened to the harmonies flowing around, until the tempestuous ocean that they had left sounded only a deep, grand chord in the diapason of the universe,

sublimely chanting also its hymn of praise. As they listened to her gentle lessons, the wild lamenting of its waves ceased, and its angry howls were softened and blended with the melody of brook and bird and tree, until peace overflowed the soul, — a peace that remained with them when they had parted from her, and committed themselves again to the turmoil of the troubled waters; and even then those waters would be jewelled, in the sunlight of heaven, with hues never before seen.

But the beautiful island and its angel would haunt each memory, until again the bark was oared to its tranquil shore, and again they sat at the feet of the teacher, and gathered music and sunshine for the rough voyage on the turbulent sea. But the beautiful island suddenly was darkened. The angel had fulfilled her mission, and was recalled *home*. Her voice had ceased among the woods; her eye no more looked upon the flowers; yet the woods were still fragrant as ever, and the roses blossomed unconscious that one who loved them had gone forever.

The clear ponds still mirrored the pines, the brooklet still talked with the sundew, the morning

birds sang in the dewy boughs, and the thrush sent his resonant, sweet evening hymn along the dusky forest; and, in the soft autumn sunshine, the graceful little squirrel, that never feared her presence, leaped and chattered, in his joyous life, amongst the fading leaves.

The angel came no more. She had learned the lessons that she was imprisoned in the clay to learn, she had taught the lessons that she was detained in the clay to teach, and she had departed. No trace of the ascending spirit was on the fair blue sky, but her footsteps might still be lingering in the paths that she trod; so they who loved her with an imperishable love, who sought her presence with an instinctive attraction, go there again to bathe their souls in blessed memories. They think to find again, in communion with familiar things, something of the spell of her living presence. They hope that she will be there, unseen, to meet them with the sympathy of other days, and that life will again flow onward in the reflected beauty of the departed angel.

They float the bark to its shore. They tread again the green aisles, as of old. That shore is

fair as ever, but the booming billows that they have left still boom in their ear, and the forest temple throws down from its leafy dome no serene influence on their souls. The brook sings a dirge, the birds utter discords, and the flowers smile dimly in forest and field.

Whence this dimness, this discord, this dirge of the brook, and the wild meaning of the distant wave? All is unchanged to the sight, all is fair and beautiful as ever; but the angel whose hand swept harmony even from chords of angry tone has departed, and unholy spirits have possession of the beautiful island. The light and charm that emanated from her presence has gone with her from the landscape.

They who tread the shadowy lanes diffuse far other influence, and the bright things of the wild, seem ever seeking for the lost. Strange merriment echoes through the secluded dells, and irreverent hands pluck the sweet, simple flowers that she loved, and toss them contemptuously away. The deep, tangled forest, that was her temple and shrine, is desecrated by unholy mirth, and all her pure and simple tastes are but themes of ridicule.

Her elegant amusements, so thoughtful, so quiet, so beneficial to all around, are despised, and the noise of revelry is loud in her once tranquil home. They cannot understand her holy thoughts, and her gentle deeds. Her meek and conscientious life is but tameness of spirit, and all its high and spiritual beauty is but a strange and incomprehensible delusion.

Well may the brook sing dirges, and the bird discords! Well may mournful coloring be on the flower, and wild wailings come from that ocean-surge, and the whole island mourn and complain! The beautiful has vanished with the angel. The spirit that infused its own elevated life into all things has borne it away with her presence, and they who loved the island have ceased to love and visit it. The island exists no more for them!

There is a realm where that which *has been* never dies, and where the beautiful is a perpetuity and a blessing. Evil and imperfection are necessary for a season, but the high and the excellent are coëxistent with eternity. In that lovely and mystic realm again is found the Beautiful Island of the Past, with all its beauty undimmed. There

the brooks sing in melody, and the flowers lift their bloom unblighted, and peace flows from the sunshine of its unclouded skies. There is light, yet not from the sun that beams over earthly bowers. There is music, yet no mortal voice utters sound. There is all its former beauty, and no change can again fall upon it, no leaf or flower can fade in its scented fields. And there the angel walks again, as truly and visibly, to those who loved her, as in the green lanes and umbrageous pathways of her earthly home. And they who so mourned her departure go to this mystic island, and wander with her, as of old, through leafy arcades and by soothing streams, and listen to her gentle teachings. They go when life is dark, when the winds are unloosed, and the sea is wild with storms; when, weary of contention with the billows, and faint with struggle, they are ready to sink in the troubled waters, they go there, and the tempest is lulled, and the waves lie down to slumber. Again the hymn rings through the fragrant woods, and the soft air breathes immortality, and its consoling prophecies of the future destiny of man.

And they have ceased to mourn the desecration of that beautiful island, whose forests wave in earthly air, as they have ceased to visit its mournful shore; but every day they bless Heaven that the beautiful is eternal, that the holy island still remains in all its quiet charm, and still preserves, for the reverent spirit, its elevated and sanctifying influence.

Never more to mortal vision the angel will reveal herself; never more the spiritual eye will behold the beautiful island amongst the waters of an earthly ocean. But in that mystic realm where the good and the beautiful alone have permanence the island and its angel abide forever.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MUSING pilgrim ! sunk in sorrow,
Whom no words of pity cheer,
Unto whom each opening morrow
Cometh desolate and drear,

Wherefore are thy spirits smitten ? —
O'er thy life do tempests roll ?
Hath unyielding penury written
Bitter things upon its scroll ?

Hath the tomb thine idols hidden ?
Did the trusted leave thy side ?
Were thy young affections chidden
Till their budding tendrils died ?

Did thy chosen props deceive thee ?
Was thy fond reliance spurned ?
Or did cold indifference grieve thee
When thy soul for balm-drops yearned ?

Look to Jesus, lonely-hearted !

He thy secret sigh hath heard ;

He, the unsheltered, scorned, deserted,

By the indebted and endeared.

What, though all the world forsake thee,

If his favor on thee shine, —

He to his embrace will take thee

With a sympathy divine.

Then shall all this tribulation,

With its solitude of pain,

Minister to thy salvation,

Work thine everlasting gain.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Portrait of a young person in traditional costume.

POOR NED;

OR, A PEEP AT THE WORLD.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

IN a good old-fashioned farm-house, "away down east," dwelt a worthy couple by the name of Warner, — more familiarly known, among their neighbors and friends, as Uncle Enoch and Aunt Mercy. They were possessed of an abundance of this world's goods, — houses and wood-lands, a saw-mill and much rich pasture-ground, besides the old homestead, which was considered one of the finest places in the country. In fact, they were wealthy people; for, could this goodly heritage have been converted into ready money, it would have been no inconsiderable sum. Uncle Enoch was threescore, and his wife a few years younger. They were childless, and, in case they died without leaving a will, the whole of their possessions would descend

to their nearest surviving relative. This eager expectant happened to be a niece, the wife of a clergyman, residing in the city of New York.

Madam Honniton, the niece, was a highly-accomplished, worldly-minded lady, and her chief aim was to ingratiate herself into the favor of the New York aristocracy. To her, no happiness could exceed that of riding out with Mrs. Ormond, the rich banker's lady, or of being received as "my dear friend" at No. 8, — Avenue. Therefore, she felt very little sympathy for her old-fashioned, country relatives; and, had it not been for *certain considerations*, she would have dropped their acquaintance entirely. It was highly important, however, that she should continue in their good graces, and therefore she made quite a virtue of paying them an annual visit, and presenting them with sundry peace-offerings, in the shape of calico and cap-ribbons, handkerchiefs and vest-patterns, which were received with delight by these worthy people, and valued highly for having come so far. She always stayed as long as she could bear the quiet and ennui of a country life, and then took her leave with many tears, beseeching her "dear

uncle and aunt " to come and make her a visit, — "a nice, long visit," at which time she would devote herself entirely to them; never once dreaming that such a thing *might* happen.

But more wonderful things *have* occurred; and thus it was that Uncle Enoch and Aunt Mercy, after due deliberation, came to the conclusion that they *would* visit the city, and take their affectionate niece by surprise. It was an affair of too much importance for them to communicate to any save their most intimate friends, and therefore it was not till just before their departure that it got noised abroad. In one week more, they were to set out. Uncle Enoch had the last of his hay to attend to, and Aunt Mercy was busy with her new poplin dress. Her white crape shawl, which had been in wear many years, she washed and dipped into a log-wood dye, from which it came out of a very uncertain color, but, by much pressing and patience, was at last made to look "quite tolerable." She also contemplated getting a new bonnet, but finally concluded she would make the old speckled straw do, with the addition of a few bows, and a little quilled lace inside.

At last, all was finished; the carpet-bag and the handbox were packed. Aunt Mercy's green parasol, and Uncle Enoch's blue-cotton umbrella, with its hooked handle, stood in readiness, and the neighbors came in with many a heart-felt "good-by," and oft-repeated wishes for a pleasant journey. There were sorrowful tears shed at their departure, for in this fast age, when so many are hurried on to destruction, no one can know, when he bids his friend farewell, that he shall ever see his face again.

It was about five o'clock, on a sunny afternoon in the month of August, when our travellers arrived in the great metropolis. Only one who had been born and bred in the city could pass unmoved through the scene of confusion that here awaited them. The rushing to and fro of the porters, the loud cries for baggage, the importunities of the hackmen, and the rude jostle of the crowd, was enough to disturb more experienced minds.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy, "what a complete Babel! Why, I wonder that the city authorities allow it."

"Have a hack, ma'am?" cried a driver, in a loud tone.

"No, I thank you," she replied, very politely.

"Have a hack, sir?" called out another, who took a resolute stand in front of Uncle Enoch.

"Well, how much will you charge to take us to B—— street?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"Two dollars!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy; "what an extortioner! Why, I can go from Portland to Boston for that!"

"I'll take you for two shill'n's a piece," said a son of Erin, in very shabby garments.

"That sounds more reasonable," said Uncle Enoch; "just say a quarter, and it's done."

"Well," said the man, with a sly twinkle to his eye; "it's a quarter, then."

They followed him with much difficulty, till they came to a cab, the door of which he threw open for them. Aunt Mercy gave the vehicle a scrutinizing look, and drew back.

"No," said she, "I can't ride in *that*! Enoch, I had rather walk all the way, tired as I am, than to risk my life in such a *thing*."

"Are n't you going?" said the driver.

"No," replied Uncle Enoch, very decidedly.

"Botheration! take yourselves off, then!" exclaimed the man, in an angry tone; and the worthy couple obeyed his command without the least hesitation.

"Well, Mercy," said Uncle Enoch, "I don't see but what we shall have to walk, after all."

He spread his umbrella as a protection from the sun, and, with the bandbox in his hand, went on before, while his wife followed, as closely as possible, with the carpet-bag. They stood several minutes on the sidewalk, waiting for an opportunity to cross the street. At last they made a desperate effort, and succeeded in reaching the opposite corner in safety.

"Now, Mercy," said Uncle Enoch, as he set down the bandbox, and, lowering his umbrella, placed it against a lamp-post, "I must confess, I don't feel exactly at home. I see, by the name, here, that we are in Canal-street; now, I'll just look at my map of the city, and see what direction to take next."

He put on his spectacles, drew the map from his

pocket, and was busily engaged in studying it, when a sly hand was stretched out towards the handbox; but Aunt Mercy's sharp eye was upon it, and she caught the string of the bag in which it was enveloped, just in time to prevent its abstraction. Scarcely had she done this, when a second hand was extended for the umbrella. With an exclamation of surprise, she seized this also.

"Enoch! Enoch!" she cried, "there are as many thieves here as in the way from Jerusalem to Jericho; and we shall certainly be stripped of our raiment, if we don't get *somewhere* as soon as possible."

"Well," he replied, "I really can't determine which way to go."

"We had best ask some one, then."

But everybody seemed to be in a great hurry, and Aunt Mercy knew not whom to trust, for her happy confidence in human goodness was shaken. Soon, however, an omnibus came slowly along, the driver of which looked very earnestly at the worthy pair. Aunt Mercy waved her parasol to him, and he stopped.

"Can you direct us to B—— street?" she

screamed, at the top of her voice, in order to make herself heard above the noise around. But he did not seem to understand.

"Get in," he said; "be quick!"

"Come Enoch," said she, "we are lucky at last. This man will take us directly there."

There was scarcely "room for one more," still less for two; but they managed to crowd in, and away they started. Tired, over-heated and dusty, even this uncomfortable situation was a relief to them. As they passed on, many passengers got out, and others took their places; but at last they were the sole occupants of the vehicle.

"I declare!" said Aunt Mercy, "if we had been obliged to walk all this way, we should certainly have given out."

The omnibus stopped, and the driver sprang from his seat.

"Sir," said he, "we are at the end of the route."

"At the end of *what*?" exclaimed Uncle Enoch.

"I say, does Mr. Honniton live here?" asked Aunt Mercy.

"I don't know," replied the driver, in a very indifferent manner.

"Why!" she said in a faltering tone, "did n't I ask you to take us to B—— street?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Do you know *anything*?" she asked, as the tears started to her eyes, and her courage quite failed her.

"Yes," he replied; "I know that, if you wanted to go to B—— street, you hailed the wrong 'bus."

Without another question, they got out and paid the required fare.

"Now," said Uncle Enoch, "will you be so good as to direct us to B—— street."

The driver looked at the troubled faces of the old people, and was touched with compassion.

"Wait a few moments," said he, "and I will take you nearly there."

"No," replied Aunt Mercy, with a suspicious look, "I don't want to ride any *further* to-day."

The man gave them some general directions, and once more they started. They walked a long distance, till, at last, overcome with heat and fatigue, they seated themselves on the broad stone steps of a very handsome residence. In a few moments a carriage drove up, and a lady, richly

dressed, sprang out. It was Mrs. Ormond, the rich banker's wife. She gave them a very ungracious look as she passed them, and entered the house. Immediately after, a man with a star on his breast came along.

"You can't sit there," he said, in a tone of authority; and he stopped short, as if waiting for them to move.

Not a word of reply was given, but, with deep sighs, they patiently took up their baggage and walked away. The tears streamed fast down Aunt Mercy's furrowed cheeks, and for some moments she dared not trust herself to speak. Uncle Enoch wiped the great drops of perspiration from his brow which anxiety had called forth, and endeavored to rally his sinking spirits; but he was greatly troubled, and, as he walked on, the well-packed handbox seemed to grow heavier every moment.

"Who would think," said Aunt Mercy, "that we were in a Christian country? One had better go astray in the woods, than to get lost in this great Babylon, where two inoffensive old people are cheated and abused, and denied even the priv-

ilege of a resting-place on a door-step. O, Enoch ! if there are not ten righteous men in this city, they are as worthy of fire and brimstone as were Sodom and Gomorrah of old."

She was getting greatly excited, when her attention was suddenly arrested.

"A copper, sir?" said a little ragged urchin, with a rough scrub-broom in one hand, and in the other an old, shapeless hat, which he extended towards Uncle Enoch.

No person had ever solicited charity of this good old man in vain, and even now, in the midst of his trouble, he readily set down his box, and began to fumble in the depths of his pocket for the desired coin.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, as he glanced at the bright silver dime which Uncle Enoch had dropped into his hat. "You look tired. Shan't I carry your box,—and your bag, too, ma'am?"

A pang of sorrow shot through Aunt Mercy's benevolent heart, as she thought that this boy, like all others, was not to be trusted.

"Are you sure," she asked, scrutinizing him

closely through her spectacles, "that you are n't an impostor?"

"O, no!" said the boy; "I'm a street-sweeper, and I never lie, or swear, or steal."

"That is right," replied Aunt Mercy, "for the Scripture speaks against all such things. Now, do you know the way to B——street, where Mr. Honniton, the minister, lives?"

"Why, yes!" said he; "I sweep there, every day."

"Bless you, my boy!" said Uncle Enoch; "then you are just the one we want. Now, if you'll bring us safe there, I'll certainly give you a quarter of a dollar."

A gleam of hope irradiated the faces of the old people, as the boy slipped the bag upon the handle of his broom, and, swinging it over his shoulder, took the handbox in his hand. Aunt Mercy's heart expanded with emotions of benevolence and gratitude, and she looked upon the little ragged fellow as the special messenger of Divine Providence.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" she asked.

"My name is Ned," replied the boy, very respectfully, "and I live at the Five Points."

"At the Five Points, indeed! Why, I have heard say that it is a desperately wicked place, and none but the worst of people live there."

"My mother lives there," said the boy, "and she is a real good woman. She is sick almost all the time, though, and it takes all I can beg or earn to support her and little Addy."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Mercy, in a sympathizing tone; "I suppose your mother is a widow, then."

"No; but father is not often at home. It's worrying about him that makes her so sick. He drinks, and gets into a quarrel, and sometimes, when we can't find him, he lies in the street all night."

"Poor soul!" said Uncle Enoch, whose ears were unused to such tales of sorrow, though to most of people they are as common as household talk.

The boy, finding he had such willing listeners, continued.

"Father used to be a gentleman once, and he is a real good man now, when he is sober. He

has taught me a great many things, so that I know more than most of boys. I earn some money, and, now and then, people give me a copper or two, which helps along a great deal. I wish we could live in a better house, and Addy could go to school. But I am afraid mother will die before I get old enough to do much."

Just then he stopped before an aristocratic-looking mansion, and glanced up. — "I believe this is where the minister lives, sir."

Sure enough, upon the door-plate was the name of E. A. Honniton. Uncle Enoch took a silver dollar from his pocket, and placed it in the lad's hand.

"Take this, my boy," said he, "and make a good use of it. I believe you deserve it, and more. Let me know where you live, and before I leave the city I will come and see you."

The boy gave him the direction, and repeated it.

"Good-by, sonny!" said Aunt Mercy, in the fulness of her heart.

"Good-by," he replied, as he doffed his hat with a respectful bow; and then he hurried away, leaving the old people *knocking* loudly at the door of the minister.

CHAPTER II.

We must now leave our country friends to rest themselves, while we follow the footsteps of the boy. With his broom upon his shoulder, and the dollar clasped tightly in his hand, he ran swiftly down the street. His face glowed with animation, and his feet scarce seemed to touch the pavement, as he bounded onward.

It was not long before he came into that far-famed neighborhood, whose corruptions and abominations have of late years excited so many Christian hearts and hands to action. The "Old Brewery" was yet standing, like a deadly Upas-tree, in the midst, looking down with its time-scarred front upon the mixed and miserable multitude which swarmed in the street, or lounged in its shadow below. The Angel of Mercy had not yet visited this place with a purifying influence, and, save in a few isolated cases, no respectable female ventured among these hiding-places of infamy and pollution. The scorching rays of the sun were now withdrawn, and the shadow of evening had already begun to creep into sheltered courts and

narrow alleys. But it brought with it no refreshing coolness, for the air was close and sultry, and the noxious vapors of the street rendered it almost suffocating. A *heap* of children, of all kinds and colors, were at play on the sidewalk, rolling and tumbling one over the other, and uttering cries which might have been indicative either of pleasure or pain. One fair-haired child, with a beautiful face and bright blue eyes, had clasped a little sooty African about the neck, with such a close and affectionate embrace that she was struggling violently to free herself.

But, suddenly, the child loosed her hold, and, springing forward, she cried out, "Ned! Why, here's Ned!"

The affectionate boy reached out his hands, and, drawing the little one up, seated her on his shoulder. As he passed on among the children, they, for mischief's sake, called out and began to throw sticks and dirt after him; but a few threatening flourishes of his broom quickly set them scampering in various directions. To the weak and inoffensive, Ned was always a champion; but he was a great terror to the evil-minded.

"Addy," said he, "you have n't been a good girl to-day. I told you I did n't want you to play with the children in the street."

"Don't scold, Ned!" said the child, coaxingly. "I staid with mother all day, till the men came to take away our table and chairs; then I cried and screamed so loud, that one of them said he would throw me down stairs if I did n't stop; so mother told me I might go and play with the children a little while."

The cheerful countenance of the boy fell. "Did they take them *all*, Addy?" he asked.

"Yes, all; and mother's nice bedquilt and the blankets."

Ned sighed deeply, and a sorrowful "O dear!" escaped his lips.

Just then, a rough, coarse-looking man came towards them. Though not at all attractive in his exterior, yet there was a kindly look to his eye, which prevented him from being wholly repulsive.

"How are you, John Brady?" said Ned.

The man nodded, and then, putting his mouth close to the boy's ear, he whispered a few words.

"Well," said Ned, aloud, "when shall I see you again?"

"In about an hour, — just here."

"Very well," — and he passed on.

"What did he say?" asked the child.

"Never mind," replied Ned, "for here we are at home, and I have got something very pretty to show you."

They entered a house a little better in its outward appearance than many in the neighborhood, and passed up a flight of stairs, and then another, and another, till they had ascended the fifth, for this was a *tenant* house. As land was dear, and money *must* be wrung out of the poor, the owner had piled it up, one story above another, in God's free air, until, in the upper chambers, when the heats of summer had drawn up the noxious vapors from the street, it was almost impossible to exist in the poisonous atmosphere.

As Ned laid his hand on the latch, he heard the sound of violent sobbing within. He opened the door slowly, and a woman started up from a mattress in the corner, which was the only article remaining in the room.

"Why, Ned," she said, in a feeble voice, attempting to smile, "you have really caught me looking on the dark side; but I feel better for a little cry, and it is all over now. Have you heard anything about your father?"

"Well, not much," he replied. "I think I will go out, by and by, and look round a little."

"It is a week to-day since he left us," she said, with a hysterical sob; "and I fear we never shall see him again. You will try hard to find him, won't you, Ned?"

"Yes, mother; but have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No; I gave all we had to Addy, and the merciful God only knows where we shall get more."

Ned came close up to her, and, opening his hand, displayed the silver dollar.

"Where did you get it, my boy?" exclaimed the mother. "You didn't steal it, did you?"

"Steal it!" said Ned, while his honest face flushed crimson at the thought. "No, mother; a good old man gave it me;" and then he proceeded to give a minute description of the behavior and

appearance of the worthy couple, with every word they had spoken, for their peculiarity and kindness had made a distinct impression upon his mind.

"And that is not all, either," he said, in conclusion. "Look here;" and he took several smaller coins from his pocket. Then, from beneath his jacket, he drew out a little bright-covered book, and placed it in the hand of the child.

"Here, Addy," he said, "I got this for you, that you might learn to read."

The child screamed with delight, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kissed him again and again.

"You are a dear, good brother," she said, "and I hope you will live forever!"

After they had eaten a good supper, which Ned provided, little Addy fell asleep on the mattress. The poor boy would gladly have thrown himself down beside her, for his limbs were weary, and his head ached with exposure to the hot sun. But a lost father must be sought for, and the boy could not rest till he was found.

"Mother," said he, as he went out, "don't be worried if I am not back for several hours."

"Well, Ned, I shall not lock the door, and shall sit up till you come."

She wrapped the silver dollar in a bit of paper, and placed it under the mattress. Then she lit a piece of candle, and sat down to mend Addy's tattered garments. The time passed slowly away. She could hear a clock strike every hour until twelve; then her eyelids drooped, and she was just falling asleep, when she heard the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs. The next moment, the door opened, and Ned, with the kind-hearted John Brady, entered, leading her husband between them. He did not seem to be intoxicated, but very weak. His face was deadly pale, his cheeks hollow, and his eyes sunken. She had never seen him look so before.

"Frank!" she exclaimed, "what *has* happened to you?"

But he could not answer. Entirely exhausted, he sank down upon the mattress, while Ned hastened to put some water to his lips.

"Poor fellow!" said John Brady; "he has seen hard times; but I think that, with a little care, he will soon get over it. He fell into some difficulty,

— I don't exactly know what, — and got the worst of it. The wretches where he was had not the least feeling for him, and he would certainly have suffered to death, had I not found him, and done what I could to keep the breath of life in him."

"God bless you, John!" said the wife. "I have always found you a friend in need."

A smile of honest pride and satisfaction lit up the rude features of the man, as he replied,

"I don't know as I deserve the least praise, Mrs. Clyde, for you and he have done me many a good turn, in your better days. So, if there's any way in the world in which I can serve you, you will always find me ready. Good-night to ye."

"Fanny," said the suffering man, "come here. Come close up to me, so I can look you in the face. You are sick, too, are n't you? You look as though you would like to lie down in your grave, and be rid of this troublesome world. The grave is a place of *rest*, isn't it, Fanny? I wish I had gone there, years ago. It would have been better for me, better for all of us. I have ruined the peace of your life, Fanny; I have dragged you and the children down into a deep, dark place,

from which you cannot rise. Do you love me now, Fanny?"

Two long, slender white arms were clasped around his neck, a pale thin face was laid against his, and warm tears, gushing up from the fountain of an ever-faithful heart, fell like summer rain upon his cheek.

"I shall always love you," she sobbed; "and shall hope the best for you, as long as you live."

"Which cannot be very long, Fanny. Sick and sore, I lay in a damp alley one whole night. The swine came and made their bed with me, and I felt that I was no better than they. But, as I looked up, I saw the heavens and the stars above. Other thoughts came over me, and then I solemnly promised that, if I could only live, and be restored to you once more, I would never drink again. And now, God helping me, I never will!"

Ned drew closer to his father, and clasped his hand. The candle flickered and flared, and then went out; but there was a clear bright moon above, and its light streamed in through the open window. It fell like a garment of brightness all over Ned, and rested upon the face of the child

who slept by his side. She looked beautiful as an angel, full of rosy health and life; but dimly from the shadow gleamed forth the faces of the father and mother, ghostly and pale. Ned gazed at them, and his usually hopeful heart grew sad within him.

"Father," said he, "let us go away from the city. We shall do full as well in the country, and the clear, fresh air will make us healthy and strong. If we are very poor, and cannot get work, we will ask some one to help us. There are a great many good people in the world. I know them, and they never refuse when I ask them. I met with two to-day. As soon as I looked in their faces, I knew they were kind; and so they were, for before I left them they gave me a dollar."

"A *dollar*, Ned!"

"Yes; where is it, mother?"

She reached her hand beneath the mattress, and, drawing it forth, held it up before her husband. A strange voice whispered in his ear. No one else heard it, but it said, "How *much* rum you could buy with a *dollar*!"

CHAPTER III.

We will now turn away from the humble dwelling of the poor, to the home of the wise and wealthy.

Madam Honniton was greatly surprised at this most unexpected visit from her beloved uncle and aunt. In fact, she was wholly unprepared to act her part, and was so confused she knew not what she said. Her kind relatives, however, were too much fatigued to observe her embarrassment. As soon as their travelling garments were removed, Aunt Mercy seated herself on a velvet-cushioned sofa, while Uncle Enoch took possession of an elegant stuffed arm-chair.

Madam Honniton ran up to her husband's study. She soon returned, begging them to excuse the non-appearance of Mr. Honniton, as he was just then in the midst of a sermon, and his mind was so peculiar that it would effectually disarrange his ideas, should he be disturbed one moment.

"O, never mind! We will excuse him with the greatest pleasure," said Aunt Mercy, whose meaning was good, though her expression was poor. "What time do you take tea, Angeline?"

"At eight o'clock precisely, dear aunt."

Uncle Enoch sighed. They had been fasting all day, and now a little of the "staff of life," with a cup of cold water, would have been very acceptable; but he did not wish to be troublesome, so he settled down in his chair, and directly fell asleep.

"Just look, Angeline," said Aunt Mercy, as she glanced towards him. "That is always the way with laboring people; they can hardly sit down, before they are asleep."

Poor, tired old lady! About five minutes after, she was in the same condition.

At tea-time, the Rev. Edward Augustus Honninton graciously condescended to make his appearance. He was a handsome, portly gentleman, apparently much given to ease, and the solacing of the flesh with "creature comforts." Like "old Turveydrop," he was famous for "deportment;" and, like the "Rev. Cream Cheese," he could "talk beautifully," though it was hard to remember what he said. There are not many such men in the Christian ministry, but, to the sorrow of all good people be it said, there are *some* such. He was

arrayed in a long, high-colored dressing-gown, which, in Aunt Mercy's eye, was a very unbecoming garb for a minister; but she very prudently refrained from expressing her opinion.

It was not till after a good's night's rest that the old people recovered their spirits, and the next morning, at breakfast, they gave a very interesting account of the trying circumstances attending their arrival, and their fortunate meeting at last with poor Ned.

"If it had n't been for that shrimp of a boy," said Aunt Mercy, "I don't believe we ever should have got here. He told a pitiful story, and Enoch gave him a dollar, which will keep him along till we are able to look him up, and see what more we can do for him."

Mr. Honniton tipped back his chair, thrust one thumb into the arm-hole of his vest, and with the other hand gently stroked his organ of approbation.

"My dear aunt," he said, "I am not at all surprised that, with your limited experience and large benevolence, your credulity should be thus easily imposed upon. Our popular magazines and

journals of the day are crowded with lackadaisical stories of deserted wives and drunken husbands, licentious men and abandoned females, with descriptions of scenes too disgusting and revolting for a mind of refinement to dwell upon. Thus, public taste has become perverted; and this, in some measure, affects the pulpit. Instead of expositions and interpretations of difficult passages of Scripture, according to the most celebrated divines and commentators, — instead of doctrinal disquisitions, or eloquent and scholastic discourses from some inspiring theme, — the clergy are now required to deal with things pertaining to every-day life, and make application of Scripture to the corruption of the times.

“The beggars, themselves, are shrewd enough to take advantage of this state of public feeling, and our ears are daily greeted with tales of sorrow, in which there is not the least shadow of truth. To the virtuous poor my hand is ever open, but I turn a deaf ear to all other applicants.”

Aunt Mercy glanced at him sharply over her spectacles.

“How can you tell who *are* worthy?” she said.

"The Scripture says, 'give to him that *asketh of thee.*'"

"Very true; but that passage needs modification. The *well-cultivated* and *discerning* mind readily determines how far such precepts can be carried out in human action. And this shows the advantage of an enlightened Christian ministry. As for myself, I am ready to sacrifice all I have for the good of my fellow-creatures, *when necessity demands it.*"

"Ah, well!" persisted Aunt Mercy; "but you recollect what Christ told the young man who came to him,— 'Go, and *sell* all thou hast, and give to the poor.' He said nothing of waiting till the time of need."

"Dear aunt," said Madam Honniton, in a sweet, low tone, "I pray you remember there are other sorrows beside those of poverty and destitution; a sense of insufficiency for the duties of life, the restless longing of the spirit for its better home, — the agony of bereavement —"

She leaned her head upon her little, delicate white hand, and was silent a few moments.

"I myself have experienced all these," she con-

tinued. "My sister and I were left orphans at a very early age, to struggle with the cold, unfeeling world."

"You were very fortunate, however," suggested Uncle Enoch, "in having all your father's property, and a plenty of friends to look to."

"Alas! what is money to the lone, suffering heart? I had scarce grown familiar with my first grief, when my dear sister was obliged to tear herself from my fond embrace, and go south for her health. I heard from her at Charleston and New Orleans; then weeks, months and years, passed on, and no tidings from the wanderer. Doubtless she became a victim to that fell destroyer of beauty in its bloom, consumption."

"Well, now," said Aunt Mercy, "I always thought she must have died of the cholera; for it was raging in New Orleans at the time, and hundreds were dying daily. That would account for our not hearing anything more about her."

Madam Honniton clasped her hands on her bosom, and shed several tears.

"O!" she exclaimed, "that I might have been near her in her dying hour, even though I had

perished beside her! I would have kissed the death-damps from her brow, and soothed her with all the tenderness of a sister's love."

She drew her embroidered handkerchief from her pocket and placed it to her eyes, but finally was so much overcome by her emotions that she was obliged to leave the room. Mr. Honniton did not appear at all concerned, but devoted his attention exclusively to his steak and buttered roll.

It being Sabbath morning, the old people had made great calculations upon attending church; but they seemed destined to disappointment. Some professional duty called Mr. Honniton away before service, and his wife had engaged to ride to church with Mrs. Ormond.

"Had I known," she said, "that you intended visiting us, I would have arranged it differently; but now I do not see how I can possibly release myself. And yet it happens as it should. After your long journey you must be excessively fatigued; therefore I would advise you to remain at home this morning, and rest yourselves. There will be a second service in the evening, which you can attend, if you choose."

Thus matters seemed to be decided, and it was with a feeling of perfect ease that Madam Honniton seated herself in the elegant carriage and was whirled away towards the church, leaving her kind relatives in rather an unsatisfied and doubtful state.

Scarcely, however, had the services commenced in the church, when a great squeaking of boots was heard, and, turning her head, it was with deep dismay that she beheld the sexton coming up the aisle, followed by Uncle Enoch and Aunt Mercy. The good old man, in his hurry and confusion, had forgotten to remove his hat. Aunt Mercy's bonnet was all awry, and her face flushed with heat. Everybody stared, and Mrs. Ormond, in an adjoining seat, as she leaned forward and surveyed them through her eye-glass, immediately recognized them as the old people she had seen on her steps the day previous.

"We thought," whispered Aunt Mercy, as she seated herself by her distressed niece, "that we had best come, after all. So we inquired the way, and asked the sexton to show us in."

• Just then, Mrs. Honniton wished that Uncle

Enoch, like him of old, might be translated bodily, and her good aunt become as immaterial and intangible as the Christian grace whose name she bore. But there they sat, *bonâ fide* flesh and blood, secured against all such miraculous transformations by the inexorable laws of nature.

Mr. Honniton proceeded with his discourse. His subject was "Christian charity," and Aunt Mercy gave him her undivided attention. She had an excellent memory, and every word was carefully treasured. She was completely carried away by his eloquence; for, in this respect, he was deservedly popular. He represented the apostle's idea, as expressed in that all-comprehensive word, Charity, in its broadest and most unlimited sense. And, as he pictured the sorrows of down-trodden and suffering humanity, with the great reserve power, which God had placed in the hearts and hands of many, to soften and alleviate all these ills, Aunt Mercy drew her handkerchief hastily from her black silk bag, to wipe away the tears that flowed freely down her cheeks. Ever and anon she turned towards Madam Honniton with a nod of approbation, and a "beautiful!" expressed in a

very audible whisper. Then she gazed about the church, to see if all were equally delighted.

By chance, her eye fell upon a serpent bracelet, with bright ruby eyes, which was coiled about the arm of Mrs. Ormond. From thence, her attention was directed to the face of the wearer, and she felt quite sure she had seen her before. So intently did she regard her, that the lady became aware of it, and, raising her eye-glass, turned her gaze so directly upon her that Aunt Mercy shrank back abashed.

Mrs. Honniton saw all this, and a feeling of faintness came over her ; which Aunt Mercy perceiving, she seized a large palm-leaf fan, and commenced fanning her with great energy. The attention of the congregation was attracted that way, and, had not Mr. Honniton soon pronounced an "amen," matters would probably have reached an alarming crisis.

When the services were concluded, Mrs. Ormond did not offer her friend a seat in her carriage, and the lady from — Avenue passed her with an averted face. Madam Honniton left the church in a high state of nervous excitement ; but Aunt

Mercy felt that it was good for her that she had been there, for that sermon had gone down to the deep places of her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Madam Honniton's delicate organization had suffered so severely in this unexampled trial of her moral courage, that she became quite ill, and was wholly unable to accompany her visitors, next morning, in their walks about the city. Mr. Honniton carefully considered the matter, "pro and con," and, at last, thought it advisable to offer his services, which were gladly accepted. As they pursued their way, the stately minister walked somewhat in advance, apparently unmindful of frequent delays to gaze into shop-windows, or to scrutinize more closely the proceedings of certain rag-pickers by the way-side. Now and then, a genuine Yankee question, addressed to some young loiterer, somewhat disturbed his gravity. Otherwise, he continued on, with the air of a man conscious of his own dignity, and who was by no means accountable for the sayings and doings of any who should chance to follow in the rear.

In this way they at last reached the Battery. It was a clear, bright morning. The wind blew fresh, and the blue waves, as they flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, were beautiful to behold. A portion of the harbor, with its shipping, and the picturesque islands beyond, lay spread out like a magnificent panorama before them ; while craft of every description, from the ever-moving ferry-boat to the stately merchant-ship, were gliding hither and thither, like the figures in a dream. An exclamation of wonder and admiration burst from the lips of the observant couple ; and, perhaps, for a time, they would have given themselves entirely up to the enjoyment of this scene, had not their attention been attracted in another direction.

Near a small bridge, communicating with the floating-baths, a crowd had gathered, who seemed to be greatly interested by something in their midst.

"I wonder what it is !" said Aunt Mercy. "I *must* know."

"Sir," she said, to a burly-looking fellow near by, "can you tell me what is the matter, yonder?"

"O," he replied, in a careless manner, "it's

only a man who got rum-crazy and drowned himself last night. They are waiting for the coroner to come, before they can do anything with him. His two children are there, and are taking on at a great rate."

"Dear! dear!" said Aunt Mercy, in a compassionate tone; "what a dreadful thing!"

A partial opening in the crowd afforded her a slight glance at the group in the centre. In an instant, to the amazement of Mr. Honniton, she sprang forward, and, pushing to the right and left with her parasol, she disappeared in the midst of the crowd. At first he hesitated, and then he concluded to follow, and bring her out by main force, if she would not come otherwise.

Accompanied by Uncle Enoch, he soon made his way through. Upon the bridge knelt a boy, holding the head of the dead man on one knee; a rough broom lay beside him, while a little girl, without bonnet or shoes, had thrown her arms about his neck, and was weeping wildly on his shoulder. The lips of the boy were closely compressed, and it seemed as though, with the dead father on his knee, and the child weeping on his

•

shoulder, that he had resolved to be manly and firm, and save his strength for those who needed it.

"Poor Ned!" said Aunt Mercy, as she stooped down and laid her hand on his shoulder. "May the Lord help you!"

He glanced up to her face, — his lip quivered, his firmness gave way, and a burst of grief, such as only comes up from an overcharged heart, shook his whole frame.

"Don't cry so, Ned!" said the child, who was frightened at this sudden outbreak. "When father gets dry, he will be all well again."

She laid her hand on the cold, pale face, she looked coaxingly into the dull eyes; but no answering glance of love was there, and again the tears of the child gushed forth.

The arm of a strong man was extended, and the little one was raised to a friendly bosom. It was John Brady, who had just made his way through the crowd.

"I am here, Ned," said he; "can I do anything for you?"

"Go tell my mother," said the boy.

John shook his head. "I can do anything but

that," said he. "I never could bear to see her take on."

He turned aside to brush away his tears, when his eye fell upon Mr. Honniton, whose general appearance was indicative of his profession.

"Are n't you a minister, sir?" he asked; "and won't you go tell the poor woman?"

Mr. Honniton shrunk back.

"My dear aunt," he said, in an under tone, "I beg of you to leave this crowd. We are attracting general attention."

"No," replied Aunt Mercy, in an audible voice, with a look of Spartan firmness; "I shall stand by these children. If they ever needed a friend, they do now. Ever since I heard you preach that beautiful sermon on charity, I have been determined to do some good before I left this city. Now I have the chance, and I beg of you to go with me, and 'visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.'"

She took fast hold of his arm, and he could not escape.

"For Heaven's sake, do not speak so loud!" he said, beseechingly. "These things are of every-

day occurrence, and no one residing in the city thinks anything of them."

"Then it is high time they did!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy, who was considerably excited. "If you only had a dozen real down-east women in your midst, they would raise *all creation* before they would have it so."

The arrival of the coroner put an end to the debate.

"You had best go home, Ned," said John Brady. "I will see that everything is done right, here."

"Yes," said Uncle Enoch, as he raised the boy; "and we will go with you."

Aunt Mercy took the hand of the little girl; but, when she looked about her for Mr. Honniton, he had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

While our good friends were thus engaged, Madam Honniton was enjoying a morning call from her friends, Mrs. Ormond and Miss Greyson, from —— Avenue. It was decidedly ungenteeled for *ladies* to be out so early, and, therefore, Madam

Honniton was somewhat taken by surprise; but she considered it as an evidence of uncommon solicitude on her account, and it was like balm to her wounded spirit. Had she known the true motive of her visitors, she would not have felt so much flattered.

An irrepressible curiosity to learn who those "vulgar old people" were, and their relation to the minister's family, had brought out these aristocratic ladies thus early. They were very wary in approaching the subject, and Madam Honniton as carefully avoided it. Just as Mrs. Ormond had mentally devised a method of obtaining the desired information, the door-bell was rung violently, and, a few moments after, Aunt Mercy rushed into the room in great haste.

"O, Adeline!" she exclaimed, "such wonderful things'as have happened! Don't you think,— we have found your sister Fanny! She is mother to the little beggar-boy, and she has a little girl, named for you. They live up in a miserable attic, at the Five Points, in the most wretched condition you can imagine; and, what is worst of all, her

husband, in a fit of delirium-tremens, drowned himself last night."

"Aunt Warner," said Madam Honniton, rising up, with all the dignity she could command, "you have certainly lost your senses. My dear sister Fanny died years ago!"

"I *knew*," exclaimed Aunt Mercy, triumphantly, "that you would think this news too good to be true; but, nevertheless, it is so, for she has told me all about it. She has been a great sinner, but she has repented in sackcloth and ashes. Now you must go to her as soon as possible! I have no doubt these ladies will excuse you!"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Ormond, rising up. "Good-morning;" and they left the house, without waiting for further compliments.

"Pray, be quick," said Aunt Mercy, "but don't be too much overjoyed; for the poor creature is so sick, besides being almost broken-hearted at the loss of her husband, that she may not live till night."

Madam Honniton sank down upon a sofa, and burst into tears. "I cannot go," she sobbed; "indeed, I am not able."

"Well, then," said Aunt Mercy, as she started for the door, "I will see if she can possibly be brought here; though it is very doubtful, for the poor creature is almost gone with consumption."

"No, no!" exclaimed the niece. "How do I know but what she has the cholera, or some other infectious disease?"

"The cholera!" repeated Aunt Mercy, and certain words spoken the day previous occurred to her ever-faithful memory. "I see," she replied, coolly, "that it is not so easy to *do* a thing as to *talk* of it."

Madam Honniton felt that her reputation as a high-born and respectably-connected lady was gone, and all she had now to depend upon was the favor of the old people, and her character as a Christian woman. The first she *would* not, the second she *dared* not, sacrifice. Therefore she prepared herself, and went forth with Aunt Mercy.

We must not stop to describe the joy or the sorrow of the meeting between the two sisters, but hasten on to the end. Suffice it to say, they did meet ere it was too late; for when the light of

the setting sun streamed into that upper chamber, it rested on the face of the dying woman. Side by side, among the group around that lowly bed, knelt the proud Mr. Honniton, and the rude but kind-hearted John Brady. The sufferer fixed her large, dark eyes on the compassionate face of Uncle Enoch.

"Will you provide for my children?" she whispered.

With a quivering lip and tearful eye, the old man bowed assent. "They shall be the same as my own," he said.

A smile of peace and gratitude brightened her pale face. She gently closed her eyes, and the spirit passed the threshold of life.

A few days after, there was a funeral service at the residence of the Rev. E. A. Honniton, and then there were two new-made graves in a beautiful, retired spot in Greenwood Cemetery, for the purchase and improvement of which, Uncle Enoch had advanced a handsome sum.

The next day, a hack was at the door. A band-box and a carpet-bag, a green parasol and a blue-cotton umbrella, were brought out and placed

therein. The old people bade their city friends farewell, and, accompanied by "poor Ned" and his little sister, they departed for their eastern home.

Nearly a year passed away, and Madam Honiton had partially recovered her former footing among her aristocratic acquaintances, when one day she received a letter with a large black seal. It contained the simple, unstudied utterance of a sorrowful but trusting heart, and as such do we present it to our readers.

"MY DEAR NIECE : In deep affliction do I take my pen to improve the present opportunity of writing to you. In the first place, I will inform you that my health is good, and I hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing.

"Your Uncle Enoch is dead. He departed this life June 25, 18—, in the sixty-second year of his age.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away ; blessed be his holy name !" Many a wiser and better man has lived and died, but no one who had more friends or fewer enemies. His illness was short and painful ; but he prayed that God's will might be done, and at last closed his eyes in death, without a murmur.

'How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a trusting soul to rest !'

"After his return from New York, he made his will, in which he left you five hundred dollars, merely as a token of remembrance, and an evidence of his continued affection. The rest of his property, over and above what is necessary for my support, he has given to Fanny's orphan children. We knew that you and Mr. Henniton would be satisfied with this arrangement, since you are already in prosperous circumstances, and, as servants of God, you do not need to be cumbered much with earthly goods.

"The children are the blessing of my life. Ned has as much good sense and intelligence as a grown person. He has written your Uncle Enoch's epitaph. I know your husband will like it, for it is the same idea, in a few words, which he set forth so beautifully in his sermon on charity. I will let him place it at the end of this letter with his own hand, that you may see how well he can write.

"I hope you will come and see me before long, as I am greatly afflicted. Give my love to Mr. Honniton, and tell him I desire an interest in his prayers.

"I cannot write any more at present. Good-by.

"Your affectionate aunt,

"MERCY WARNER."

UNCLE ENOCH'S EPITAPH.

HERE LIES ONE WHO LOVED GOD AND HIS FELLOW-MEN.

MARY CLAIR.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

I AM thinking of you, my old friend, Mary Clair,
As I sit in the twilight and dream ;
I 'm recalling the plays of the merry young days
When you and I forded the stream, Mary Clair,
When we forded the cool, shady stream.

You remember the time, — it was noon, Mary
Clair, —

When our truant feet sought the old wood ;
And long were the hours we staid gathering flowers,
And dipping our feet in the flood, Mary Clair,
Our little white feet in the flood !

O, pleasant it was ! but we felt, Mary Clair,
'T was delight to be followed by pain ;
And our feet lingered still on the broken door-sill,
When we sought the old school-house again,
Mary Clair,
The dreaded old school-house again.

We were late! —how I shook and turned pale,
Mary Clair,

While your heart was as brave as a lord's,
And you stood by my side with a look that defied
E'en the school-dame's hot, withering words,
Mary Clair,

Her crushing and witherings words,

O, I loved you how gratefully, then, Mary Clair!
And the heart that I gave you in youth
Has held fast to its vow, and still clings to you now
With all its old fondness and truth, Mary Clair,
Its old trusting fondness and truth.

We are severed, and have been for years, Mary
Clair ;

Our paths lie together no more ;
But I think of you yet, with a pang of regret,
That all those old pleasures are o'er, Mary Clair,
That those days and their pleasures are o'er.

I called a fair child by your name, Mary Clair,
And I loved her the more for your sake ;

But the death-angel smiled on the sunny-haired
child,

And she slept, nevermore to awake, Mary Clair,
Nevermore in this world to awake.

She sleeps where she died, in the north, Mary
Clair,

And another lies close by her grave ;
Sore we wept when we pressed the green turf o'er
the breast

Of the darlings our love could not save, Mary
Clair,

That our love in its strength could not save.

But they died with no soil on their souls, Mary
Clair ;

It is well, and I will not complain ;
I have hushed every moan, for I know they are
gone

Where I one day shall see them again, Mary
Clair,

Where I one day shall see them again.

Now, adieu ! we may never more meet, Mary Clair,
To mingle our smiles and our tears ;

But the love that could last through the storms of
the past

Will not die with the perishing years, Mary
Clair,

With the fast-fleeting, perishing years.

I shall think of you still in that hour, Mary Clair,
When the death-mists steal over my sight,
And this heart will be true, that's now beating for
you,

When we meet in the far land of light, Mary
Clair,

In the far land of unfading light.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. O. PERKINS.

THE perception of the beautiful is as universal as human thought and language. Like reason and affection, it belongs to our entire humanity. Like other powers of mind, it may be in some instances but little more than an undeveloped germ, while in others it is far more perfectly unfolded.

The principles of language are the same among all nations; the faculty of reason is as universal as mankind; the sense of right and honor is implanted in every human soul; and not a heart e'er beat in human bosom that was not susceptible of friendship and affection. But, while the language of some nations is very rude and simple, that of others is carried far toward perfection; and, though the kinds of intellectual powers are the same in every people, in the degree of their development and cultivation the difference is very great. So of the moral sentiments; while, with

some, the right and true are positive, supreme, eternal principles, others' perceptions of these principles are far less definite and clear, and conscience with them a far less sacred law. And while the affections of some hearts flow not beyond the circle of family and friends, and within this narrow range are flickering and fitful, the hearts of others swell, like those of John and Jesus, till they embrace the world, and their affections are as deep and as intense as they are calm and pure.

So of the appreciation of the beautiful; it is as universal as is thought or conscience, language or religion. But, while in the savage soul it is very vague or crude, with the more enlightened it is far more definite and perfect; thus showing that, like all the faculties of man, it is susceptible of cultivation and of growth. The Indian's ideal of the beautiful is realized in grotesque forms and gaudy colors. He delights in striking contrasts. His fancy revels on distorted shapes and vivid hues; and hence those decorations which to him are the perfection of the beautiful lack those finer tints, those softer hues, and more delicately-blended shades, which, to a more cultivated taste, are the

very soul of beauty. And the tastes of children generally are somewhat akin to that of those who are in the childhood of humanity. They admire the flashing gem, the flower of gaudy hue, and the bird of brilliant plumage, and cannot perfectly appreciate the taste of those who praise the beauty of the violet and the loveliness of the lake-mirrored heavens. But their appreciation of these less perfect forms of beauty shows that they possess the same perceptions which, when more perfectly developed, so move and melt the soul before its higher and diviner forms.

Perhaps we may remember when the hollyhock and marigold were very beautiful to us, and we thought far less of those more delicate, soft-tinted flowers which now we most admire. Or, when a vision from the mountain-height of silver-threaded vales, of forests decked in dying glory, of the purple tints of morning, the golden glow of sunset, or the gorgeous splendors of the evening sky, would not move the spirit's utmost depths as it does now. And how much more attractive, then, were vivid, gaudy colors, and how much less enchanting the finer specimens of painting and of sculpture, on

which we now can gaze with ever-deepening feelings of admiration and delight! Thus, there has been a change, — a progress in our appreciation of the beautiful, — and the soul now melts with gratitude, thrills with delight, or swells with rapture, in the presence of those forms and hues of beauty which once awakened but the slightest admiration.

But the most perfect appreciation of the beautiful in shape and color, — in flower-tints, or blended hues, or rainbow light, — is not a culminating point, and does not reveal the high and glorious end for which the beautiful was made. It extends above the realm of art and outward nature, through all the spheres of moral and spiritual being, to the very throne of God; and there alone is its perfection found. In true morality and pure religion there is a style of beauty far surpassing aught that may be found in the material world. And, to elevate the soul to this, as well as to awaken present joy and satisfaction, was her ministry on earth ordained. To shed delight upon the heart, to charm the thoughts away from forms of evil, to inspire the soul with a love of truth and holiness, and lead it up from fleeting forms to everlasting

principles, from earthly types to realities of fadeless and eternal glory, came the beautiful to earth.

Therefore we may cherish hope for him whose soul is open to the faintest gleam of beauty, — hope that his perceptions of the beautiful will be more and more developed, and his soul led on from grace to glory, till he shall reach those higher realms of being, of beauty, and of bliss, ne'er seen by mortal eye. For, as the feeble power of reason in the savage mind is evidence that he is brother of the sage whose intellectual vision sweeps the world, so do the tawdry decorations of his hovel prove his kindred with the spirit whose beautiful ideals are spread out upon the glowing canvas, or embodied in the polished marble, or revealed in poetry and music. Nor think the one so far below the other that he never can ascend to his position; for there are forms of beauty as far above what artist's hand hath wrought, or poet's muse revealed, as heaven is higher than the earth. And there is a capacity in man for its appreciation and enjoyment. He is capable of rising to an elevation of thought, of sentiment and feeling, from whence he may look down on the divinest forms of

earthly beauty as but mere suggestions ; faint, cold symbols of a moral, spiritual beauty, filled with living joy and everlasting glory. Hence, when a mind awakens to a sense of beauty, when it kindles with a love of the attractive scenes of nature, or the graceful ornaments of art, there is both room and reason to indulge the hope that it will thereby be elevated to the contemplation of diviner themes, and conducted into paths of purity and everlasting peace.

But it is time to ask what beauty is, and to trace its earthly use or end.

Although not wholly undefinable, yet so great are its varieties, so perfect are its forms, and so ethereal its lights and shades, that it is not easy to convey in language a very clear idea of all its properties or essential elements. In natural objects, it comprehends variety and symmetry, elegance and harmony of form and hue, delicacy and softness, admitting no excess and no defect. Its proportions must be perfect, and all its properties duly distributed and blended. But all know, better than my words can tell, what constitutes the beauty of the flowers or gem, the landscape or the skies.

Beauty in art is truthfulness to nature ; the

grace and perfectness of the conception of the artist, and the skill with which it is expressed; the success which he achieves, in teaching the dull canvas or cold stone the expression of joyful, sad or tender thoughts, — of sweet content or joyful hope, of chilling fear or dark despair, of vengeful hate or deathless love, or other deep or varying emotions, — in inspiring it with language, tone, and almost life, to publish his ideal.

Beauty of person is yet something more, and more divine than this. It is not altogether in the symmetry of form, the regularity of feature, the color of the skin, or the expression of the eye, — though these are all somewhat essential. There is a gracefulness of manner and gentleness of disposition, — a soul-light beaming from the face and gleaming through the eye, flowing ever from the inward harmony and peace of pure and truthful spirits, — that lights up the features with the charm of loveliness and beauty. And there we see a manifestation of those higher forms of beauty to which we have referred, and of which inspired writers speak as belonging to the Deity himself, and being of great value in his sight. Where, from

the fulness of the inward nature, the features wear the impress of truth and purity, benignity and peace, we have the truest type of beauty it is permitted mortal eyes to see.

That soul has even now unfolded in proportions fair enough for heaven; attained already to a style of beauty such as angels wear; arisen to a grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, — a loveliness which will outshine the sun, outlive the stars. What, of all forms of beauty, is so divinely beautiful as a pure and holy life? — the life of one whose soul flows out in love to God and all mankind; who ever walks in wisdom's way, who frees his heart from all the snares of self and sin, the influence of conventional opinions, and the power of the world, and lays his strength, his talents and his life, upon the altar of humanity, — seeking, above all other objects, the diffusion of the truth, the sovereignty of right, the elevation of mankind in all the principles and graces that can adorn and dignify our nature?

There is beauty — thrilling beauty — in true eloquence; the harmony of emphasis and intonation with the sentiments expressed; the soft, low

breathing forth of thoughts that soothe the soul ; the rich and swelling bursts that stir the spirit's depths, and the lofty and continued strain of winged words, that bears you up to higher realms of thought, of being, and of beauty. But in an earnest, pure and holy life there is a more sublime, more powerful and more effectual eloquence than this. The eloquence of generous, noble deeds is far more beautiful, far more impressive, than the loftiest eloquence of speech. The eloquence of Channing might hold his audience in breathless silence, melt them in penitential tears, or move them to resolve upon a holier course of life. But the purity and goodness, the majesty and meekness, of his life, will exert a far more sacred, far more enduring influence. No accent of his silvery, solemn voice, no thrilling utterance of truth, no expression of his benign and beaming countenance, nor all these combined, were half so eloquent, or half so beautiful, as the perfect consecration of all his noble energies to truth and God, and his intense, life-long devotion to the interests of religion and of man.

So also all true poetry is full of beauty. Glit,

tering with gems of thought, and the calm, bright stars of wisdom and truth, and fragrant with the bloom of love and holy feeling, it has elements of beauty for the reflecting mind surpassing flower-tints and rainbow hues. And yet, was not the life of the beloved disciple — if not of many others since his day — more beautiful, and more sublime, than the sweetest or sublimest poetry on record? Beautiful is the melodious breathing forth of sentiments in measured numbers, which show that the great heart of love enspheres the world, and the soul reflects our great humanity, as the silvery lake reflects the flower, forest, hill and heavens, imparting life and beauty to all themes, as the life-giving breath of spring causes the earth to bud and bloom. Beauty there is in the mellifluous flow of the deep feeling, intense thought, and calm, clear wisdom, of the great soul, in its full bloom or fruit-crowned season; as it gathers streams of light from ages past, and pours them out upon the vast and shadowy future. But yet, what poet's dream was ever half so beautiful as the religion lived by the pure heart and loving soul of John? He lived, what poets only sing, truth, justice, mercy, purity,

and love, and worship, — all the elements of our divine religion, and all, also, that is great or god-like in humanity. His life is a sweet hymn of everlasting praise to its great Author, swelling melodiously onward through the coming ages. Blest, truly, is the mission of poetry thus lived. It sheds light upon the glory and destiny of human nature, shows us the real divinity and beauty of virtue and religion, and invites us, in persuasive tones, by all their blessedness, to make them ours. Hoarse, indeed, are the most melodious poets, when the key-note of the spiritual harmonies is sounded thus.

There is beauty, too, in music; yea, the most marvellous, most wondrous beauty, produced by human power. Music is the divinest form of speech. Its symphony of sounds, its wonderful variety in unity, its harmony with the sentiments expressed, exert a strange, enchanting power upon the soul. The simple strain, the swelling peal, the plaintive tones of sorrow, the gushing notes of gladness, the rolling floods of rapture, the soft, low breathing forth of saintly feeling, holy thought, and heavenly love, seeming fit strains for

seraphs' harps,—who can describe the grandeur and the sweetness, the sublimity and beauty? And what experiences and aspirations of the soul,—how many deep heart-histories, how many memories of love, and grief, and gladness,—what recallings of the past, and what visions of the future, they awaken! How they waft the spirit back to youthful smiles and tears, to hours blest or lost, to the embrace or grave of friendship, and forward to scenes of deeper gloom, or purer, loftier, holier joys. Surely, music hath a beauty and a charm which tend to soften and subdue the heart, to chasten and refine the feelings, and attune the soul to harmony with all that is pure, and noble, and divine.

But all imperfect are its sweetest harmonies, and poor and fleeting all its influences and joys, compared with those produced in the spiritual realm by the religion of our Saviour. To him who can appreciate THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS, there is a charm in Jesus' life, in the harmony of his whole being with spiritual laws,—with the law of truth and reason, of conscience and of God, of moral rectitude and spiritual growth,—far surpass-

ing that of the divinest music. Music may fill the soul with rapture for an hour ; the purity and love of Christ give *everlasting* peace. However it may fill the soul with ecstasy, its sounds will cease, and its lingering echoes die ; but his perfections live through endless years, a ceaseless harmony, a fountain of perpetual gladness. Its harmony of sounds is not more perfect than the principles of his religion and the perfections of his spirit. Its soft and swelling tones are not more beautifully blended than were his meekness and his consciousness of greatness, his justice and compassion, truth, purity and love. His character and life were faultless, according perfectly with the eternal Law. Who can name a principle of his religion, or an action of his life, that is not perfectly in harmony with all the rest, and with all that humanity reveres as great and noble, godlike or divine ? Love to God and all mankind, — is not this the perfection of morality, the perfection of humanity, the beauty of holiness ? And this the Saviour taught and lived ; towards this his blest religion tends, his life points out and leads the way. To think the thought, to will the will, and

feel the love and peace of the All-perfect, — this is the supreme beauty of existence, the end for which the soul was made. The religion Jesus taught and lived will cause the spiritual nature that is inspired and governed by it, like the flowers beneath the genial influences of sunlight, air and dew, to unfold in perfect symmetry and beauty ; and will inform it with a life, and fill it with a peace and joy, not born of earth, and over which not time nor death has any power. What soul e'er yet conceived a thing of beauty so entirely faultless and divine as a spirit moulded in all its characteristics by the principles of Christianity ?

What beauty breathes and glows through the sermon on the mount, the conversation with the woman at the well, the discourse and prayer at the last supper, the blessing on the little children, and the lamentation for the daughters of Jerusalem ! What beauty, too, in his compassion for the needy, his forgiveness of the sinful, his sympathy for the sorrowing, his tenderness towards his friends, his affection for his chosen twelve, his prayers and resignation in the garden, and his benediction on his murderers from the cross. In all he said and

did, — where'er he taught the truths or exemplified the spirit of his Gospel, — in his stern integrity, his deep humility, his spotless purity, true piety, firm trust and tender love, — in his sincere and solemn consecration of all his powers to God and duty, — there was a beauty infinitely transcending that of the artist's finest sketch, the poet's sweetest dream, or the musician's loftiest strain.

And Jesus is our model, — the perfection of our nature, — our example. What he was, it is our privilege and duty to become, in the general tone and spirit of our lives. He has opened to our view the lofty possibilities of being, and invited us, by obedience to his law, and imitation of his spirit, to attain to those exalted virtues, to clothe our being with those moral beauties, and crown it with that light and glory which were his. This glorious end, he assures us, it is possible for us to reach; and his earthly mission was to teach us principles, and place before us an example that would allure and lead us on to perfectness and bliss. He assured us that we may attain that moral excellence which constitutes the glory of the Father. He called all men to arise and clothe themselves in

spiritual beauty, and promised them all necessary aid for the achievement. And ye, who love, admire, adore the beautiful in art, in nature, and all things, will ye not seek to live this highest form of beauty, to combine in your own spiritual being those glorious qualities which you so love in Jesus and adore in God? To this, not only the religion and the life of Jesus, but also all the glories of earth and heaven, invite and lure the soul.

Yea, is not this the chief end for which all nature is so strewn with things of beauty? One object of their creation, doubtless, is to please the eye, to delight and gratify the mind. But is this their only, or their highest end? Was not the beautiful in nature, like the air and light, designed to serve a double purpose, — to elevate the soul to the contemplation of diviner glories, as well as to afford it present joy and satisfaction? It does a vast deal to benefit and bless us here; for sad, indeed, and weary would existence be, without its charms. Destroy the flowers, and quench the stars; let all the varying aspects of earth and heaven cease; make the earth as iron, and the heavens as brass; divest humanity of all that

seems attractive; destroy the beautiful creations of all human genius, — and what a world would ours be! — how gloomy, dark and dismal! We little realize for how many of the best delights of life we are indebted to the beautiful. We go forth, surrounded by its light, with gladness in our hearts, little considering how sad those hearts would be without its ministrations. Remove all beauty from the world, and who could bear to live in it? The very thought of it is gloomy, painful. Should we analyze our feelings, and inquire whence all our pleasures flow, we should find that the beautiful had been to us an immense fountain of delight.

What spirit has not thrilled with gladness amid the smiles of a spring morning, or the glories of an autumnal evening; or kindled with religious adoration beneath the fair, bright, bending heavens, and felt that an almost celestial beauty rested upon all around! What heart has not swelled with indescribable emotions when the sun, which all the day has filled the vales and crowned the hills with golden glory, “wraps his robes about him, Cæsar-like, to die,” and the queen of night rides up in all

her majesty, flooding forest, lake and river, with her mild, soft, chastened glory! Has it never seemed that your whole being rested in the arms of the Eternal as sweetly as the dew-drop in the rose, or was assimilating with the Infinite as that exhales in air and light? And, from that hour, has not beauty had a meaning and taught a lesson to your soul that it never did before? Have you not since cherished broader, higher, truer views of its mission here below? Was not the influence of that scene or vision almost sacred; a voice as of the Author of all things, inviting you to strive to make your spiritual being as beautiful as what you saw and felt? And what holy inspirations, too, have we received from the beautiful in art, in eloquence, in poetry and music! How blest the hours which they beguiled; how hallowed their memories, now they have fled!

Without these gems and scenes of beauty, which are scattered so profusely all through nature and through life, what a dull drudgery, what a miserable monotony, would this existence be! Flowers have been called God's smiles. Truly they are his smiles, and more. All forms of beauty are sweet,

inviting voices to mankind, to love, adore and worship God; and to develop their spiritual natures in symmetry, in perfectness, and beauty. Beauty is not mere ornament, designed alone to please, yet of no real value. Although not meat, nor drink, nor wealth, nor power, it yet has great utility and worth. It serves to refine the taste and elevate the feelings, and affords us many blessings which we should search all other sources for in vain. And the great design of all the beautiful creations of the world of nature doubtless is, to lead up the thoughts from the symmetry of outward forms to that of inward life, — to lead us to the contemplation of those diviner forms of beauty which never pass away. This, too, has been the aim and end of the most beautiful examples of moral and religious excellence. They have toiled to enlighten the minds and purify the hearts of men, to elevate the whole being to moral perfectness and heavenly peace, to bring the pulsations of the inner life to beat in harmony with those of the Eternal Love.

David says, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; to behold the beauty of the Lord." What is the beauty of the Lord,

but that moral perfectness and glory, that holy life and deathless love, which Christ displayed, and called upon all men to seek? Again the Psalmist says, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;" and this should be the prayer of every heart, and the great end of all our efforts, aims and toils; for, though the colors of the pencil and the glories of the heavens fade, this beauty will forever shine, and with eternally increasing brightness.

THE EMBARKATION.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

So they left that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place near twelve years. But they knew they were *pilgrims*, and looked not much to those things; but lifted their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits. — E. WINSLOW.

THE band of pilgrim exiles in tearful silence stood,
While thus outspake, in parting, John Robinson,
the good :

“Fare-thee-well, my brave Myles Standish! thou
hast a trusty sword,
Yet not with carnal weapons shalt thou glorify the
Lord.

Fare-thee-well, good Elder Brewster! thou art a
man of prayer ;
Commend the flock I give thee to the holy Shepherd’s care.

And thou, beloved Carver! — what shall I say to
thee ?

I have need, in this my sorrow, that thou shouldst
comfort me.

In the furnace of affliction must all be sharply
tried;

But naught prevails against us, if the Lord be on
our side.

Farewell, farewell, my people!— go and stay not
the hand,

But precious seed of freedom sow ye broadcast
through the land.

Ye may scatter it in sorrow, and water it with
tears,

But rejoice for those who gather the fruit in after
years;

Ay! rejoice that ye may leave them an altar unto
God,

On the holy soil of freedom, where no tyrant's foot
hath trod.

All honor to our sovereign, his majesty King
James,

But the King of kings, above us, the highest hom-
age claims."

Upon the deck together they knelt them down and
prayed —

The husband and the father, the matron and the
maid ;

The broad blue heavens above them, bright with
the summer's glow,

And the wide, wide waste of waters, with its
treacherous waves, below ;

Around, the loved and cherished, whom they
should see no more,

And the dark, uncertain future stretching dimly
on before.

O, well might Edward Winslow look sadly on his
bride !

O, well might fair Rose Standish press to her
chieftain's side !

For with crucified affections they bowed the knee
in prayer,

And besought that God would aid them to suffer
and to bear ;

To bear the cross of sorrow — a broader shield of
love

Than the royal cross of England, which proudly
waved above.

The balmy winds of summer swept o'er the glitter-
ing seas ;

It brought the sign of parting — the white sails
met the breeze ;

One farewell gush of sorrow, one prayerful bless-
ing more,

And the bark that bore the exiles glided slowly
from the shore.

" Thus they left that goodly city," o'er stormy seas
to roam ;

" But they knew that they were pilgrims," and
this world was not their home.

There is a God in heaven, whose purpose none may
tell ;

There is a God in heaven, who doeth all things
well ;

And thus an infant nation was cradled on the
deep,

While hosts of holy angels were set to guard its
sleep.

No seer, no priest or prophet, read its horoscope
at birth,

No bard in solemn saga sung its destiny to
earth.

But slowly—slowly — slowly, as the acorn from
the sod,
It grew in strength and grandeur, and spread its
arms abroad ;
The eyes of distant nations turned towards that
goodly tree,
And they saw how fair and pleasant were the
fruits of Liberty.
Like earth's convulsive motion before the earth-
quake's shock,
Like the foaming of the ocean around old Plymouth
Rock,
So the deathless love of freedom — the majesty of
right —
In all kindreds and all nations is rising in its
might ;
And words of solemn warning come from the hon-
ored dead,
“ Woe, woe to the oppressor, if righteous blood be
shed !
Rush not blindly on the future ! heed the lessons
of the past !
For the feeble and the faithful are the conquerors
at last.”

THE FIRST RING.

[From the German of Agnes Franz.]

BY J. W. HANSON.

SALIM and MIRZA sat before their cot, in the shadow of the palms, and, hand in hand, gazed abroad on the golden evening landscape.

"What art thou thinking of, Salim?" asked the youthful bride, regarding the young man tenderly. "Thou smilest as though in a delightful dream, and thy brow is bright with ecstasy."

"I thought of the time when first I saw and won thee," answered Salim. "But I sought for the time when our love commenced as vainly as I look for the end of this ring which lies before us, and which, to ornament thy hand, I have carved from the tooth of the elephant."

"Yes, and I have loved thee as long as I can remember," replied Mirza, looking with affection on the friend of her heart. "When I met thee for the first time, it seemed as if I had known thee in

another life,—as if our souls had been united, from eternity, in beautiful harmony. And so shall it be forever. Yes, Salim, our love must have descended from God; for, like him, it was without beginning and shall be without end!”

Then the youth took the beloved of his soul to his heart with unspeakable delight, and the stars gazed down upon them with transparent splendor, and they read their prophetic syllables on the heavens, and their secret teachings were to them revealed;—for the eye of love alone can pierce the curtain of the future, and behold that which is hidden from the vision of others.

“Yes, our love shall last throughout eternity!” said both, with exultation; and the serenest faith gilded their brows, as the light of the everlasting stars irradiates the arch of heaven.

Then Salim took the ivory ring and placed it on the right hand of his beloved. “Take this ring, the symbol of eternity, to commemorate this hour,” he said, delightedly. “It shall be the sign of our love and faith, and the companion of our days, and when we fall in dust it will remind us of our union in heaven!”

And Mirza took the significant ornament from the hand of her beloved, and it never passed from her possession. Their true love was not forgotten. The youths gave similar gifts to their brides, and the ring came to be considered a silent promise of fidelity. And so the custom passed from generation to generation, until, in our own times, it is regarded as the talisman of hope to a loving heart.

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ELWYN AND LORA; OR,

THE MAGIC NECKLACE.

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago, in northern Pomerania, on the borders of the Ostsee, lived an amber-fisher, named Frentz, with his wife Tronda. Before them was the broad sea, and behind them a dark, trackless forest; but between lay beautiful gardens and green pastures, and close upon the borders of this forest was a little village, called Rosendorf. In the midst of this village was a neat white church, and in the steeple of this church was hung a very musical bell, so sweet and solemn in its sound, that it made one feel devotional only to hear it. Strange to say, the voice of good Father Hermann, the village pastor, seemed to be in perfect unison with the soft tones of this bell; and when one heard him reading the hymns in the church, it was easy

to imagine that the bell was chiming in with the beautiful words.

This village was a wonderful place for children. They sprung up as plentifully as thistle-seed, and every house was full of them. As the parents were all simple-hearted, ignorant people, but religiously inclined, the children were taught to be honest, to reverence God and man, and have a proper respect for themselves. Thus they became very affectionate, and believed all that was told them.

Under such circumstances, it was, indeed, a serious aggravation to poor Frentz and Tronda that never a little one had blessed their home with its cheering presence. Frentz was a whole-hearted, God-fearing man ; and Tronda one of the most loving, affectionate women in the world ; and, though she always had whole troops of little ones about her, not one could she call her own. She wept, she prayed, and besought God earnestly for this desire of her heart, and promised that if granted the little one should be consecrated and trained wholly to his service.

Thus it came to pass, in the course of time, that

Tronda held in her arms one of the fairest little daughters that ever blest a mother's sight. She was the wonder and admiration of the whole village, and, as the years passed on, and the child began to run about and join in the sports of the other children, she grew more and more beautiful, both in mind and person. Tronda did not forget her pious vow, and endeavored, as far as possible, to bring up the child in the true way; but it required no great exertion, for she seemed to absorb all holy and heavenly things into her nature, as freely as the flowers drink dew. The waves, the birds, the blossoms, and the breeze, all spoke a language that was understood by the loving heart of this child; and when the sweet tones of the church-bell floated out on the evening air, and died over the sea, she would sit among her flowers, and sing songs which no mortal ever taught her.

They named her Lora at her consecration; and when, in after years, the day of her confirmation came, she joyfully accepted a place in the church, and, uninfluenced by any, dedicated all her powers to the service of God. She was not required to do this, but it was a cheerful offering of her own free

will. Good Father Hermann, in token of his love, fastened a white ribbon about her neck, to which was attached a golden cross ; and, as he laid his hands on her head and blessed her, his aged heart was so moved that he wept like a child.

There were many present in the church to witness this ceremony, and among them was young Walter Cameron, a native of the northern isles, but who was now a doctor in the village. He had been in Rosendorf scarce two years, but in that time he had won the love and confidence of all. Lora was one of his warmest friends. She was often his companion in his forest rambles to gather roots and herbs, and stood with him by the bedside of the sick and dying. Now, as she stood apart with the sacred vow on her lips, and the cross on her bosom, he felt that the sacrifice was too great, and he longed to stretch out his hand to withhold her. But it was too late, and he could only pray that God would bless her, and keep her from temptation.

Those were the days of superstition, and the people of Rosendorf believed in all manner of evil spirits. There were giants and elves, gawks and

pigmies, in the forest; and in the sea were mermen and maids, and monsters of every description. No one dared venture into the forest after nightfall, and many were the wonderful stories told to the children, by the old women in the chimney-corner, of simple ones being enticed away by Briethorn into the forest, or of fair maidens who were seized by mermen and borne down into the sea. No one, young or old, pretended to doubt these things; much less Tronda, who actually believed that the dwellers in the sea came about the house in a stormy night, and peered in at the windows. At such times her door was doubly barred, and she got the family to bed, that she might put out the rush-light as soon as possible. It was in vain, however, that she cautioned Lora, for she could not keep her away from the forest and the sea; and when, at last, she appealed to Father Hermann to strengthen her words, the old man smiled, and said that the spirits of evil could not harm the girl while she wore the cross, the sign and seal of Love, upon her bosom.

CHAPTER II.

One evening, just before sunset, Lora hurried far along the shore, and climbed up over the rocks, to the Mermaid's Cave. Here she seated herself upon one of the mossy steps, and looked far out over the sea for the coming of her father's boat. Soon, however, she was startled by the sound of footsteps, and from behind a point of rock close beside her appeared a noble stranger. Lora had never seen any one dressed with half so much splendor. His garments were all glittering with jewels, and the crest of plumes which adorned his cap was fastened by a clasp of diamonds of unusual size and brilliancy.

She started up in surprise, but he smiled gently as he said, "Fear not, sweet maiden; I have not come to harm you. But why are you here alone? Do you await a friend?"

His mild and courteous manner gave her assurance, and she answered, quietly, "I await the coming of my father's boat; it cannot be far distant."

"And I," said the stranger, "am won hither by

the beauty of the scenery. How rich the purple and crimson glow of the sunset falls on the waves yonder! and how clearly in that little cove have the larches and pines mirrored themselves in the waters below! But the evening air is chill. Accept this protection, sweet lady!" and he threw one end of his richly-embroidered mantle across her shoulders.

There was such deference in his manner, such gentleness in his speech, that Lora's unsuspecting heart had no thought of evil. She looked up to him with wonder and admiration, for he seemed far superior to any person she had ever met.

True, she did think, just then, of a tale told by the old Frau, Hanna Klaus, of one Bluemist, a water-spirit, who came up out of the sea, one moon-light night, all glittering with jewels, and danced with the maidens on the green. There was strange music in the air, that bewitched them, and made them whirl round and round, till they lost their senses, and all fell down in a heap together. When they recovered themselves, it was broad day-light, but poor Elvie Dewdrop was missing, and was never seen again.

Yet it was only one moment she thought of this, for the noble stranger was too much like flesh and blood to be mistaken in the least for Bluemist, or any other evil spirit. There was kindness in his glance, and music in his voice, as he drew her attention to the many beautiful things around ; and then he recited to her poetry, so grand, so sweet and touching, that it moved her whole soul, and she burst into tears.

“Pardon me, sweet lady,” he said, “that I should make you weep, though it adds another charm to those beautiful eyes. Allow me to make atonement, by presenting you this little trinket, the work of a most skilful and cunning artisan.”

Thus saying, he drew from his bosom a rich necklace, and laid it on her hand. Lora looked at it in astonishment. It was impossible to describe it, for every moment the eye discovered some new wonder. All wreathed together, by links of the finest gold, were the most delicate roses of coral, lilies of pearl, flowers of amber with emerald leaves, rubies and diamonds, opals and amethysts, interwoven with such skill that it was enough to dazzle the eyes of a princess. No won-

der that poor Lora was charmed, and looked with a bewildered gaze from the gift to the giver. He smiled at her astonishment.

"Let me fasten it about your neck," he said ;
"but first I will remove this simple thing !"

He was about to untie the ribbon which held the cross, when the bell of the village church struck for the evening service. Solemn and sweet the sound came floating on the air, and lingered in soft echoes about the Mermaid's Cave. Lora heard it, and started up.

"Nay, nay," she said, as she put back his hand ;
"take not away my cross. Your gift is more beautiful, but while I wear this I can fear no evil."

There was a keen look in the stranger's eyes, and he bit his lips impatiently. "Well," he said, with a smile, "if you will not allow me to remove it, I will place this above it ;" and he clasped the necklace about her neck. Lora looked up to him with a bewildered gaze. He gently passed his arm around her, and she laid her head on his bosom.

There was a great dashing in the water below, and the next moment old Frentz clambered up the

rock, with a bag of amber in one hand, while with the other he balanced his oars upon his shoulder. The moment he saw the stranger, who now stood apart from Lora, he dropped his bag, and, brandishing one of his oars, he set upon him in a great fury.

"Out, popinjay!" he cried. "Begone to your own element, you painted harlequin, and leave the children of the Lord alone!"

"Old man!" exclaimed the stranger, as he quickly drew his sword, "who are *you*, that you thus meet me with violence and insult? Look to yourself!"

"Stop! stop!" cried Lora, as she seized his uplifted arm; "he is my father!"

"Your father, sweet lady? Then, for your sake, I spare him; but, otherwise, he should pay dear for his insolence."

The face of Frentz grew deadly pale, and he trembled like an aspen-leaf. He tossed his oars into a cleft of the rock, and, taking his bag in one hand, he grasped Lora with the other.

"Come away, child," said he. "This is enchanted ground, and, if we linger, evil will befall us."

The stranger smiled, and stepped aside for them to pass. Lora looked back towards him. He bowed gracefully, and kissed his hand to her as a parting sign, and then her father hurried her away.

They had not proceeded far before they met old Hanna Klaus, with her stiff, high-crowned cap fastened tightly under her chin, and her scarlet cloak streaming in the wind.

"Where have you been so late, Lora?" said she. "You were not at the evening service to-night. Beware of the first neglect!"

"I was waiting on the rocks for my father," replied Lora.

"That is a gay thing you wear about your neck," resumed Hanna. "Where did you get it? Did Briernthorn or Bluemist give it you?"

"Go along! — go along, Hanna!" said the old man, impatiently. "You have too much tongue, by half."

"None too much for praising God, or telling the truth," she replied, tartly. "But what makes you so grand and glum to-night, Neighbor Frentz? Maybe the evil one has not helped you to so much

amber as common, to-day !" and she went away chuckling at her own malice.

The supper-table was all spread for them, and a cheerful fire burning on the hearth, when they reached the cottage. But Frentz could not eat. They all sat down by the fire, and he told his wife of his meeting with the stranger on the rock. Tronda wrung her hands, and lamented aloud.

"Alas ! alas !" she cried ; "because we are God-fearing people, the powers of evil have united against us ; but I believe the Lord is on our side, and He will prevail."

Then it was, for the first time, that Frentz asked Lora about the necklace. She told him the whole story, and, unclasping it, she laid it in his hand. Without a glance, he was about to grind it to powder beneath his feet, when Lora besought him to examine it. He did so, and, as the precious gems flashed in the firelight, his astonishment knew no bounds. Tronda stopped her weeping, and they all got their heads together over it, when open flew the door, and a furious gust of wind extinguished the light. They were all just ready

to fly up chimney with fright; but Frentz recovered himself, and, going to the door, looked out.

"The wind has changed," said he, "and we shall have a great storm to-night. Now may the Lord have mercy upon all poor seamen!"

He shut the door and bolted it, and then hurried about to close the window-shutters. Tronda gave back the necklace to Lora.

"Keep it," said she, "for evil may befall us if we destroy it; but to-morrow you shall go down to the rocks, and drop it into the sea."

They then sat down to their evening meal; but they all looked sad and fearful, for the wind howled about the cottage in fitful gusts, and shook the tops of the great pine-trees with a sound like the tramp of an army. Before they went to rest that night, they sung a hymn, and Frentz made a long prayer. Then Lora took her candle, and went away into her own snug room where she slept.

On one side of the room was a small table; over this table was a mirror, and above the mirror was a picture which Father Hermann had given her. It represented the Lord Jesus with his hands

folded meekly on his bosom, and a crown of thorns about his brow. Every night, before she lay down to sleep, Lora had been in the habit of standing and gazing up to this picture for a long time ; but now she was so much occupied with other thoughts that she forgot it. She knelt down by the table, and, holding up the necklace, she viewed it in every way, and still found some new beauty to admire. Then she clasped it about her neck, and stood up before the mirror.

O, how rich was the light that streamed from it, and what a lustre it seemed to impart to her countenance ! Once she did glance up to the lowly Jesus, with his crown of thorns ; but, when she looked down to the mirror again, the lovely vision there appeared still more beautiful.

Without removing the necklace, she lay down to rest, and a soft, murmuring music, like that heard in a sea-shell, lulled her to sleep. All night she seemed to be wandering 'mid coral-groves and amber-beds. There were palaces of pearls, and grottoes of shells, where soft sponges grew like moss, and formed a delightful carpet for the feet. In

all these enchanting places, wherever Lora wandered, the noble stranger still walked by her side.

As for poor Frentz and Tronda, they had but little rest. Such a storm they had never known. They could hear the pine-boughs crashing, as the wind rushed through the forest, rending them asunder; and the angry roar of the Ostsee, as its wild waters broke upon the shore. Into every chink and crevice gleamed the blue lightnings, and the thunder burst, peal upon peal, with a terrific sound.

"Heaven help the poor seamen!" fervently ejaculated Frentz.

"Heaven help *us all*!" responded Tronda.

It was a late hour in the morning when the storm ceased, and the worthy couple ventured to throw open their windows. The sun was streaming through the rifted clouds above, and the birds were singing in the clear air; but below, the earth seems as though it had been desolated by a hurricane, and drenched with a flood. Pine-boughs, broken rocks, and ruined cottages, were scattered everywhere; while away in the distance the angry sea urged on its foaming waters, as though eager

to ingulf the whole. As Frentz looked out, he saw something of a bright scarlet-color moving among the trees, and, in a few moments more, Hanna Klaus made her appearance, hurrying at a brisk pace towards the shore.

"Whither now so fast, friend Hanna?" said he.

"Ah, a good-morning to you, Neighbor Frentz. A woful night, indeed, has this been. May the Lord forgive us *all*! but I fear some *one* among us has committed a great sin, or this never would have happened. Just as the morning dawned, a gallant ship struck on the rocks, and every soul perished. I am going now to see what the waves have thrown up; but, may the Lord forgive me if I should lay claim to anything that is not my own!"

"Then the Lord will have much to forgive," muttered Frentz, as she hurried on.

"Tronda," said he, "I fear that necklace has something to do with this, and I know not how we shall get rid of it."

"Lora shall carry it down to the rocks, and toss it into the sea," she replied; "and then the trouble will cease, for the poor girl did not sin wilfully."

"True," said the old man, shaking his head;
"it is the knowledge of evil that causes sin."

CHAPTER III.

It was not till after mid-day, when the sun had warmed the damp earth, and nature had begun to revive, that Lora went forth with the necklace in her hand, and hastened towards the sea-shore. O, it was hard to part with such a beautiful thing, and she wondered why she need to; but her mother had told her that it was the work of magic, and would surely prove her ruin if she wore it.

As she came near the Mermaid's Cave, she saw Hanna Klaus sitting upon the steps, looking down with greedy eyes into the waves, expecting every moment they would cast up a treasure from the lost ship. Not wishing to attract her attention, Lora immediately turned aside into a by-path which led into a pleasant part of the forest. She wandered on in a very thoughtful mood, till she came to a little bower close by the pathway, called Lora's School-room; for here, on pleasant days, she had been in the habit of assembling the village children, and teaching them to read. The

storm had rent away several branches from the larches and pines, and scattered the fragrant blossoms of the wild-rose. She sat down upon one of the rude seats, and was just drawing the necklace from the folds of her dress, where she had concealed it, when she heard the tramp of horses' feet, and, looking up, she saw Walter Cameron riding along the pathway on his little Shetland pony. As soon as he observed her, he stopped his horse and extended his hand, in which he held a sprig of delicate white blossoms.

"Here, Lora," said he; "I have found a sweet little flower in a lonely place, which reminds me of you. Take it, and may your soul unfold its powers as pure and beautiful as this!"

"Thank you, Walter," said she, as she took the flower. "How delicate and fragrant it is! But whither are you now going?"

"To visit a patient, a few miles distant," he replied; "but I must stop a while in the forest, to gather a few more herbs. Fare-thee-well, sweet Lora!" and he rode away, looking back to her with a smile.

"God bless him!" said Lora, as she gazed after

him; "he is too good to me. O! I am a guilty soul! and the only reason why I never sinned before is because I was not tempted."

She held up the necklace, and looked at it; but it seemed to have lost half its charms.

"I wish I was well rid of the vile thing!" she continued. "If I could but see him now, I know my heart would not fail me."

How suddenly she started! for just at that moment a hand was laid upon her arm, and, looking up, she beheld the same mysterious stranger standing beside her. Her courage quite forsook her, and she shrunk back from his touch. After the wild stories with which her father and mother had filled her ears, she could not doubt that he was one of the evil spirits from the wood or wave.

"Why do you fear me, sweet lady?" he said, in a mild tone. "I am neither a ghost or goblin, but a human being, created of flesh and blood, like yourself."

"Take back your gift," said Lora, holding out the necklace. "Take it back; for I shall lose my soul if I wear it."

"Your soul!" he repeated, with a smile,—

“and what has *your soul* to do with this? Believe me, dear lady, you are in a great error. This is not the creation of magic, but a rare piece of human workmanship, which a princess well might covet.”

“O, take it back!” said Lora; “for it has bewitched me, and I fear, even now, that in lingering with you I do wrong.”

“Stay, lady, stay!” he said, entreatingly, as she turned to depart. “Let us walk along this smooth pathway together, while I tell you who I am; and then I doubt not all your fears will vanish. Here, take this hand; — is it not warm with human life? Look into these eyes; — do they not speak truth? Know, then, that I am Elwyn, Prince of Norway, — a wanderer from my father’s court, that I may view the beauties and wonders of other lands. I, myself, have tarried of late at Königsberg; but, last night, the ship in which were many of my followers was wrecked off this coast, and all were lost. Pity me now, sweet lady, and, believe me, your sympathy will not be ill bestowed.”

Lora looked up into his face, and she could not

doubt. The tears stood in her mild blue eyes, and a smile was on her lips.

"And now," he continued, "will you not accept my simple gift, which can do you no harm, but will only remind you of one who is charmed with your innocence and beauty?"

Lora bowed her head, and again he clasped the rich jewels about her neck; but, at the same time, he untied the cross, and threw it far into the forest.

"What have you done?" cried Lora, as she sprung forward to recover it.

"Stay," he said; "what is that simple thing, compared with this, and the love of a prince?"

"I would not part with it for the wealth of the world!" replied Lora, in a burst of grief.

"Neither will I part with *you*," said the prince.

"Harold!"

A man immediately sprung from the bushes, and, seizing Lora by the arm, she was hurried along the path, in spite of her resistance, to the open highway beyond, where, insensible through fear, she was lifted into a carriage waiting to receive them.

"Spare not the whip, Harold," said the prince ;
"for we must reach Konigsberg before night." The
next moment, the horses dashed on at a furious
speed.

It was quite late when Lora returned to consciousness. The great shadows of the mountains darkened the valleys below, and above hung heavy-fringed tempest-clouds, ready to break at any moment, and pour out all their fury.

"Drive on ! drive on !" shouted the prince, "or the storm will overtake us."

It was difficult, however, to obey, for the way was bad, and the darkness deepened like midnight. The wind howled through the mountain gorges, and the clouds, sweeping down the valleys, burst in a torrent of mingled rain and hail upon the terrified travellers.

Suddenly the carriage stopped. "Sir," cried the driver, "we have reached the bridge, but the stream is so swollen I dare not cross."

"Drive on ! drive on !" shouted the prince.
"We shall all perish, if we stop here. There is a house a short distance beyond."

Heedless of the danger, they dashed over the

bridge, and in a few moments more they stopped at the door of the house.

"Here," said the prince, to the man who came out to receive them, "give this lady a room by herself, and see that she is safely kept."

The man bowed obsequiously, and led Lora into a small parlor, lighted by a cheerful fire.

"I will send my wife in, soon," he said, "with some dry clothing;" and then, closing the door, he turned the key upon her.

Poor Lora sunk upon a chair, and wrung her hands in an agony of grief. "Alas! alas!" she said, "what is to become of me now? Vain, foolish creature that I was, to suffer this worthless thing to blind my eyes!"

She tore off the necklace, and, rending it in pieces, threw it upon the floor.

"Now, God be merciful!" she exclaimed. "It were far better for me to perish in the storm, than to remain here."

She went to the window, and, raising her hand, most unexpectedly, the fastening yielded to her touch. A bright flash of lightning showed that the distance was not great, and, without a mo-

ment's hesitation, she sprang out. Not knowing whither she went, she fled like a frightened bird before the storm. Guided by frequent flashes of lightning, she hurried on through the garden and the wood beyond, until she came to the open road. She would have sought shelter in some green covert, but, looking up, she saw that the clouds had spent their force, and faint streaks of gray light glimmered through their parting folds. She dared not linger one moment, and again she hastened forward.

At last she came to the stream, whose wild, foaming waters were dashing madly onward. The bridge trembled and swayed beneath her feet, and the roar of the torrent filled her ears. She seemed to be sweeping away with it ; but she reached the other side. Scarcely had her foot pressed the firm earth, when the bridge parted from its fastenings, and was dashed away in scattered fragments down the stream.

"Thank God !" she exclaimed. "Thank God for his mercy !"

"Lora !" said some one beside her.

It was the voice of Walter Cameron. With a

glad cry she sprung forward, and, the next moment, his strong arm was around her, and she lay fainting on his bosom.

"O, Walter!" she murmured, "how came you hither?"

"A good Providence guided me, Lora. As I gathered herbs in the forest, high up on the branch of a spreading larch I found this cross. I looked upon it as an omen of evil. Springing upon my horse, I started for the highway. It was not long before I discovered the track of a carriage. I followed it closely, and, at one time, almost overtook you; but when the storm came on I got bewildered. I had just reached the bridge, and, in one moment more, I should have rushed on to my destruction."

"God has been very good to us, Walter," whispered Lora.

There came a wide rift in the parting clouds, and the mild-faced moon looked kindly down upon them. Walter held up the cross before her.

"Lora," said he, "while you wore this on your bosom you acknowledged no other protector. Temptation and danger assailed you, and God

raised up my right arm to aid you ; shall not that same arm, which now supports you, be your shield and defence through all the uncertain way of life ? ”

“ Even so, Walter,” she answered ; “ God wills it, and my heart gladly obeys.”

“ Then let us away,” he said, “ for this is dangerous ground. A little way hence is the house of a friend, where we shall find shelter and safety.”

CHAPTER IV.

Many years passed away, and Rosendorf had become a thriving and populous village. A wide space had been opened into the forest, to make room for the cottages and gardens of many happy families. Where once was “ Lora’s School-room,” now stood a neat white dwelling, shaded by majestic forest-trees, and embowered in roses and flowering shrubs. This was the home of Walter and Lora Cameron, and with them dwelt also the aged Frentz and Tronda.

One evening, as they sat around their cheerful fire, there came a fair young girl and climbed upon Lora’s lap. She laid her hand upon the cross.

"What is that, mother?" she asked; "and why do you wear it?"

"It is the cross, my child," said the mother, "and I wear it in remembrance of one who was 'meek and lowly in heart.'"

The little one turned it about, and looked at it closely.

"It is not very pretty," she said; "why not have something better?"

"The world has nothing better," replied the mother, "for all its treasures vanish away; but they who wear the cross wisely bear with them an everlasting ornament."

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

WHEN for the loved and young
The mournful requiem on the air is pealing,
The heart, with anguish wrung,
Can ill express its depth of bitter feeling;
And human thought is all too weak to measure
The loss of its fond treasure.

'T was so, beloved friend,
When thou wert taken from the few who knew thee;
For joy refused to send
Its wonted balm to hearts long wedded to thee;
The onward way seemed to our vision only
A desert sad and lonely.

But when the glass of Faith
Became adjusted to our feeble vision,
We saw thine early death
An early transit to the realm elysian,

And thy free soul, with us so purely gifted,
To heights sublimer lifted.

The intellect that toiled
To unweave the tangled web of earthly being,
And often sadly foiled.
By mysteries that quite obscured its seeing,
We saw perfecting its sublime endeavor,
Where it is thwarted never.

We saw that power of mind
We deemed an earnest of a large unfolding
Increased, and more refined,
Rapt in the glories seraphs are beholding,
And that deep love for all things grand and glorious
O'er time and sense victorious.

Though early called away,
Ere thou hadst reached the height where fame is
seated,
Yet in thy little day
Thy work was done, thy labor here completed;
And thou hast left us what can never perish,
An honored name to cherish.

We have the memory yet
Of all that made thy life so rich a blessing —
A star that ne'er shall set,
A treasure that shall brighten in possessing,
And make us stronger to fulfil our mission,
Till hope attains fruition !

MONUMENTS.

BY A. A. MINER.

THE philosophical student regards all phenomena as indicative. It is the outward testifying of the inward. The life we live before the world is an outflowing of the life within us — an utterance of our indwelling thought.

Hence all human productions are to some extent histories. Institutions, civil, social and religious, — so far as they are human, — no less than our customs, literature and amusements, are statements of what we think, visible records of what is passing within us.

No one institution or phenomenon, however, can reveal all we think. No one class of institutions or phenomena can do this, any more than can a single remark, or a single topic of remark. Every one reveals something, and requires the aid of all other mental manifestations to complete the map of mind that shall be thus presented.

So great is the difficulty in shadowing forth an idea in its completeness, these revelations may not be perfect even on a single point. Our deliberate statements do not bound and define a thought on all sides. They but suggest its general form and body, and require aid from many side sources to illumine and perfect it. Were it otherwise, language could hardly give rise to so varied interpretations as at present, and controversy on Scripture teachings would become obsolete.

When our divine Master, even, would communicate to the world a truth of ever so vast importance, there is laid upon him a necessity that the language he shall use in that communication shall be a human instrumentality, and partake, of course, of human imperfection. The evil is in a great measure remedied by numerous statements of the same truth from different standpoints; and, still further, by an exemplification of their practical bearing in his own unspotted life. It is necessary, however, to collate somewhat these qualifying elements, and deduce, from a sufficiently broad examination, the real teaching and spirit of Christ.

In like manner, the institutions of any people

need to be considered together, in order that they may unfold, as far as possible, the entire life of that people. For example, the laws on a given subject indicate the prevailing thought on that subject; and they may indicate by implication much more than they do by direct expression. But, if the entire domain of law be carefully surveyed, it will be found to leave much of the internal life of a people unrecorded. What is thus found to be wanting will be in part supplied by habits and customs unrecognized in law, and by the various enterprises of its industrial life.

Into the chasms that still remain the literature of a people finds its way, and accomplishes a very direct work in unfolding its unseen life. Music, painting, statuary, and its various forms both of amusement and devotion, promote the same end.

It is in this relation that we would view some of the monuments of the world. We use the term in its popular sense, — to signify those structures, or works of art, designed to perpetuate the renown of illustrious names and of important events. The term may have a much broader application,

which we should by no means have space here to treat.

Now, what we have to say of them is, that they embody and shadow forth the thoughts of a people in regard to the various subjects to which they refer. In doing this, they necessarily do more. In showing what their builders have thought, they become standing proclamations of that thought — affirmations of its truth — records, so far as appears, of the unanimous verdict of the community in regard thereto.

In this light, they are seen to be educational forces. Showing what others have thought, they tend to induce the same thought, and thus to perpetuate the truths or errors from which they sprung. Having been set up as deliberate utterances of the prevailing notions of glory touching any given deeds or events, they can but do much in forming the minds of the young, and thus perpetuating those notions of glory.

Take an illustration. The war of the American revolution can never cease to be regarded as one of the most remarkable struggles in the world's history. Whether viewed in reference to its polit-

ical results, or to the principles in which it had its origin, its glory has never been surpassed. Not in the manifestation of mere physical courage, nor in the triumph of brute force, does that glory lie. These qualities have been as strongly marked in the thousands of struggles which have helped to make up the world's experience. But, in the intelligent love of liberty, the unyielding resistance to injustice, the never-tiring spirit of self-sacrifice, and an undoubting faith in the ultimate triumph of right, — in these qualities, combined, lay the glory of that immortal struggle.

Now, it is no strain upon language to say, that all the principles, the heroism and the triumphs, of that protracted struggle, were condensed into the notable battle of Bunker Hill. Still less is it an unwarrantable figure to declare that, in the simple monument which crowns that ever-to-be-remembered and hallowed spot, is embodied the entire history of that glorious day. When, therefore, the children of this and of all coming time, with the stranger who shall visit our shores, shall look upon that unsculptured shaft, — grand in its simplicity, unmarred in the power of its utterances by any

artistic attempt at details, by its erect position seeming to utter the ultimate opinion of the world, and pointing to heaven as if to challenge the approbation of the angels and of God, — they will find in its sublime silence the most effective, though laconic, eloquence. And the glory of the lessons it inculcates shall grow upon their understandings and in their affections, till the unimpassioned granite shall glow with the brilliancy of the noon-day sun. And those who, in the first hour of that struggle, turned their backs contemptuously upon the altar of liberty, shall come, at length, in the persons of their children, and kneel in gratitude upon the soil made sacred by the blood of better men than their fathers. Thus, Bunker Hill Monument, on the one hand, is a condensed historic record of our revolutionary struggle; and, on the other, a teacher of that history to all after times. Happily, *its* lessons are such as true philanthropy can accept.

Widely different are the lessons taught by many of the monuments of the Old World. Like other branches of its history, they proclaim the prevailing thought of their time, announce the popular

ideas of glory, and estimate events in proportion as their results are striking.

For our present purpose, we may divide the monuments of the Old World into three general classes. Those which will first claim our attention, both because they are the most numerous and because they most deeply enlist the public sympathies, are the military monuments. These are as numerous as the frogs of Egypt, and of every conceivable style, from the awkward equestrian statue of the late venerable Duke of Wellington, placed upon a respectable triumphal arch at Hyde Park Corner, down to the most trifling trophy stored in the Tower, or garnered in the British Museum.

The traveller in Great Britain soon grows familiar with the now antiquated statues — frequently equestrian — of the Georges and the Jameses; and, as they sprang originally rather from the loyalty of the people than the merits of the monarch, they scarce convey any other lesson at present, except it be that of the declining fame of mere positional greatness. Their effect upon the beholder is tame.

They stir no deep emotions ; they have no power to quicken one's pulsations, or to lift up the soul.

It is otherwise with the monuments of a Wellington and a Nelson. A living gratitude — especially to the former of these — is manifest in every recognition of him, whether that recognition be in statuary and painting, on the one hand, or in the involuntary homage of the passer-by, on the other. When that colossal warrior, Napoleon, by his rapid strides and magic successes, had inspired every government in Europe with a terrible fear, — each apprehending, from his Titanic movements, its own approaching doom, — it was but natural that the man who was instrumental in striking down his power should be hailed by his nation as scarcely less than a god. Wellington himself felt that he had done his work ; and, intoxicated with emotion, he pursued the flying foe at the close of the battle, reckless of dangers from loiterers in ambush by the wayside.

There seems to me no room for doubt, however, that this gratitude is overdone. It not only expresses itself on every fitting occasion, and in every fitting place, but on some occasions, and in some

places, not fitting. When, for example, a monument was desired for the west front of the Royal Exchange, London, why did the merchants turn with one accord to the warrior, already sufficiently honored, rather than to some one of their own number, whose prudent forecasting and comprehensive enterprise had laid the foundations of the noble edifice? The answer is found in the fact that the yet remaining ardor of the nation's gratitude permitted it to see but a single man,—the man who had broken Napoleon's sceptre.

Nelson has fought more numerous battles, and will be oftener mentioned in the records of European warfare, than Wellington. Indeed, the monuments of him in London, and throughout Great Britain, may be the more numerous. Certain it is that the noblest of these is a finer work of art than any erected to Wellington. I refer to the Nelson monument in Trafalgar-square. It consists of a lofty base, with African lions, in a recumbent position, at the four angles, supporting a pedestal, having on its four sides basso-relievo of Nelson's four principal engagements, namely, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Nile and Trafalgar; these

basso-relievo being eighteen feet square, and the figure of Nelson in each, seven feet high. From the pedestal rises a fluted Corinthian column, surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson. The entire structure reaches the height of some hundred and fifty feet.

“ A monumental pile,
Designed ‘ for Nelson of the Nile !
Of Trafalgar and Vincent’s heights,
For Nelson of a hundred fights.’ ” — CROKER.

Still Nelson is but a hero ; while Wellington is a deliverer. The one receives the admiration of the nation ; the other, its warmest gratitude.

There is one lesson, however, abundantly enforced by all these monuments, as also by the military monuments of the continent. It is the legitimacy of war for purposes of national aggrandizement. This proposition is announced by them all, and it is the colossal falsehood which is everywhere sapping the foundations of liberty. It is the constant study of governments to foster a love of military glory ; and not only their ordinary histories, but their works of art, and their public monuments, conspire to nurture national pride, to inflame the popular passions, and to beget geographical hatred.

These aims are distinctly discerned in the bas-reliefs of many monuments in Paris and elsewhere; and especially in the historical paintings with which the halls of art, in the national palaces, abound. Every battle, important or unimportant, in which French arms were successful, is signalized on canvas; but no recognition of those conflicts in which the French suffered defeat. Waterloo never fires a French genius; while it furnishes inexhaustible inspiration to British artists.

Napoleon's triumphal arch, — one of the grandest structures, architecturally considered, that the world can show, — the monument to himself in the Place Vendome, with the many other tokens of his greatness with which Paris abounds, are as full proof of the power of Napoleon's genius over the French people, as are those of London of Wellington's power over the English. Nor is Paris wanting in military hospitals, at the head of which stands the "Hotel des Invalides," with its three thousand worn-out soldiers. The commandant of this institution, Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, and leader of the left wing of the French army in the opening of the battle of

Waterloo, receives a salary of forty thousand francs per annum.

These are among the influences by which the charm of a military life is perpetuated. While the trappings and éclat of the warrior dazzle the weak, and the homage paid him intoxicates the ambitious, the preparations made for the broken-down soldier soften, to say the least, the asperities of the closing scene. In Greenwich naval hospital, near London, there are two thousand seven hundred and ten men, all rising sixty years of age. On any day, you may see nine hundred of these men dining together in a single room. Some are blind, some halt, some maimed, and a greater part have received more or less personal injury. They seem proud of their scars, as a school-boy of his medal. In fact, many of them actually wear a medal certifying to their exploits in the hour of danger. It is a sad sight, — those maimed men, lying idle in the bosom of the nation, as a disabled ship floats upon the quiet waters. In the halls of art, connected with the hospitals, are paintings descriptive of Nelson's principal naval engagements, and parts of the uniform worn by him in his last engage-

ment, when he received his death-wound. The hospital chapel, though small, is one of the finest in Europe, and cost four hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Thus, by every means is it sought to make a military life attractive; and I confess the charities of such an establishment are some relief from the otherwise monotonous impressions of wrong which this subject begets.

Go to Waterloo! ascend the vast pyramid of earth, surmounted by the British lion, by which the terrible slaughter of that field is commemorated! survey the ground occupied by the two armies,—the Hougumont farm-house, orchard, &c., so memorable in the fortunes of the day! reflect that seventy thousand men, killed and wounded, or half the effective forces of both armies, were left on the field of battle, gory and ghastly,—and then ask yourself what was it for? What was the question at issue? What great blessings were gained by this sacrifice of seventy thousand men? Ah! it was ambition grappling with ambition; and the event of the day showed which army tired soonest!

How does the enormous wrong cry unto Heaven!

Two generals, each sustained and honored by his own nation,—revered even now, sacredly revered,—neither of them, seemingly, having the slightest suspicion of wrong, and yet pitted against each other like two game-cocks! What matters it that their respective nations, even now, glory in their exploits? One or the other was of necessity wrong, because they stood opposed. And, so substantially the same was the spirit of the two nations, that, if either was wrong, both must have been wrong,—not in that war alone, but in their general warlike policy as nations. I repeat, How does the enormous wrong cry unto Heaven!

It presses its way into the temple of God, and to the very altar! In St. Paul's Cathedral, London, no monuments are more elaborate, or more conspicuous, than those of Lord Nelson and Marquis Cornwallis. In Westminster Abbey, among other monuments to military greatness, is a group of symbolic statuary, representing the death of General Wolfe, in the siege of Quebec. One element of the group is an angel hovering over him with a wreath of glory,—a symbol suggested, doubtless,

by the British estimate of his services in that battle.

One of the clearest verbal statements of the reverence with which the church views military sacrifices is to be seen on a monument in one of the churches in the beautiful city of Dublin. A sergeant, in order to find a position for his cannon in which it would do the most effective service upon the enemy, rode into a position of danger, and lost his life. The inscription states these facts on one side of the monument, and, on the other, makes the very apposite quotation, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Thus the very monuments which owe their existence to the errors of one age tend to perpetuate those errors in subsequent ages.

I turn from this portion of the survey before us, to monuments of a different character, with positive pleasure. The monuments to literary and scientific men — to men of inventive genius, and of remarkable business abilities — though far less numerous than the class already mentioned, are far more satisfactory. They embody lessons of unostenta-

tious utility, and serve to beget ambition for quiet methods of blessing mankind.

For example ; one of the most interesting objects in all Italy is the Tribune in the Grand Duke's palace, at Florence, built in honor of Galileo ; a man imprisoned as a heretic in his life, but honored as a transcendent genius in death. It is a small portion of the palace, divided into three compartments. In the first we have a statue of Galileo, with busts of his two principal pupils. Then follows a painting, representing him, a young man, watching the swinging candelabra in the famous cathedral at Pisa, by which was suggested to him the theory of the pendulum. Another painting represents him in middle life, demonstrating his discoveries to the senators of Tuscany. Still another presents him in old age and blindness, surrounded by his most distinguished pupils. In other parts are the self-same instruments with which he accomplished his remarkable discoveries. The walls of the Tribune are beautifully inlaid with marble and jasper. The best talent of Tuscany has been employed to render this monument worthy of the genius of the great philosopher. It was com-

pleted in 1840, and cost near two hundred thousand dollars.

Now, a young man may study such a monument, and turn away from it elevated in thought and purified in heart. It stirs no base passion ; it engenders no hate ; it gives rise to no destructive ambition. Breathing an atmosphere of calm inspiration, the beholder is begotten into love with the works of God, and longs, from the top of Fiesole, with the Tuscan artist, through optic glass, to view the full-orbed moon. He finds a satisfaction, too, in the illustration here furnished, that Divine Providence, sooner or later, compels even a man's enemies to do him justice.

It is with a kindred satisfaction that one visits the noble statue of that prince of musicians, Beethoven, in one of the public squares of Bonn, Germany ; or the monument to the distinguished Niebuhr, in the same city ; or that to Gutenberg, who achieved immortality by the invention of movable types, in Mayence on the Rhine ; or yet the monument to Goëthe, in one of the public squares of his native city, Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Indeed, the simple bust of the indomitable Luther,

which marks the house in which he was born, in the same city, possesses a power of inspiration which a legion of monuments to maudlin chieftains would strive in vain to command.

Returning to England, there is no lack of variety in the monumental attempts to perpetuate the memory of the departed. Westminster Abbey, with signal impartiality, receives to its immortalizing embraces kings and comedians, princes and poets, statesmen and star-gazers. But, having received them, it by no means bestows its honors according to their merits. While the most imposing monumental pile tells of the glory of the departed hero, it is left to less attractive symbols, in a comparatively obscure portion of the edifice, faintly to whisper, *there was such a man as Newton*. Thus it says to the young man, fired with ambition, — and, O, how vicious is its influence! — If you would be remembered and honored, become a warrior; if you would be obscure and soon forgotten, study the heavens.

There are numerous exceptions, however, to this unequal mode of bestowing honors in Great Britain. Liverpool, in one of her public squares, pre-

sents an attractive monument to Mr. Huskisson, distinguished as the friend of Canning, an enlightened statesman, and promoter of one of the great lines of railway, in the opening of which he lost his life.

In Scotland, both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but more especially in the former city, a much higher relative rank is given to monuments to literary genius; and the lofty Gothic structure in honor of Sir Walter Scott, containing a colossal statue of him, in a sitting posture, with his faithful dog Maida at his feet, is at once one of the most elegant and imposing structures of the kind the world can show. It is ornamented with a variety of scenes from his principal works, and others from the same source are yet to be added. It is among the objects which help to impart a literary fragrance to the atmosphere of that peculiar city, and to make it a fitting nursery of genius.

There is one other class of monuments, few in number, but most important in their influence, to which also I wish to refer. I allude to those

erected in commemoration of martyrs to their peculiar faith.

Florence, in this connection, furnishes a name worthy to be honored among the most conscientious and self-sacrificing of earth. Savonarola, a monk, and a predecessor of Luther in the work of the Reformation, early distinguished himself by the boldness with which he attacked the corruptions of the church, and especially the licentiousness of Pope Alexander VI. He was three times summoned before the Pope. The first time, he went; the second, he was unable to go; the third, he refused to go. He was offered a cardinal's hat to keep silent; but, refusing to do so, he suffered martyrdom, his body being burnt to ashes. The cell of the cloister which he inhabited in San Marco is pointed out to the visitor, and, with its trifling memorials, constitutes a very humble monument to his name. But there are few names in church history worthy to be more warmly cherished than that of Savonarola.

In Edinburgh and Glasgow we meet with monuments to John Knox, the distinguished Scotch reformer; the one in Glasgow bearing an in-

scription which can but do much to foster the spirit and the self-reliance, objectionable to some extent though they were, that were manifested in him. "To testify gratitude for inestimable services in religion, education and civil liberty; to awaken admiration of that integrity, disinterestedness and courage, which stood unshaken in the midst of trials, and in the maintenance of the highest objects; finally, to cherish unceasing reverence for the principles of the Reformation, by the influence of which our country, through the midst of difficulties, has risen to honor, prosperity and happiness, this monument is erected," &c.

Of a similar character is the monument to Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer, who suffered martyrdom in front of Baliol College, Oxford, for their opposition to the errors of the Church of Rome. Though these men had, by no means, attained unto a large measure of truth, they had attained unto a spirit of self-reliance, needed in every age of the world. And, in this regard, the silent lessons taught by their monuments must always be of inestimable value.

We might detain you by reference to various

other classes of monuments, showing what is most esteemed among the nations of the earth, and the tendency of such instrumentalities to perpetuate the thought that *is* among the generations that *shall be*.

Thus we see that monuments to military heroes are much the most numerous and conspicuous, and convey a lesson which, in many regards, can but be deprecated. Those to men of science and letters we have seen to be much less conspicuous and elaborate, generally speaking; while those to Christian martyrs, the highest type of character, are unattractive in themselves, and exceedingly few in number. Herein may be discovered the level of the popular estimation of glory. Deeds the most striking, and of which the results are the most immediate, even when those results are far from being blessings, are most likely to receive popular honors; while a quiet course of self-sacrifice, the fruits of which shall appear only after a season of sunshine and showers, and then but in the unostentatious deeds of love, is unhonored and unsung.

Nay; not unhonored! There is a God who looks upon and sifts the affairs of men. The days came

when that God did judgment upon the graven images of Babylon. Other days will come, when he will do judgment upon the craven honors of men, — when he will humble the proud, and exalt the lowly.

It becomes us, commanding what wisdom shall be in our reach, to do judgment in the light of his judgments.

THANATOS AND EUAGGELION.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

PERHAPS no two words known to mortals stand in stronger contrast in the human mind than those which we have placed at the head of this article. We attempt not, of course, to write an exhaustive essay on them; but merely to present a few cursory thoughts, such as occur to the mind now, or may be awakened from the memory of the past.

DEATH, in whatever form considered, is always a subject of dread, or aversion, to the mind of man, when viewed in disconnection with thoughts which are above and beyond it. Morally, it carries with it, always, the thought which is breathed from the solemn spirit of revelation, of powers and privileges perverted, prospects darkened, hopes blighted, affections dormant, and a soul entombed. We look abroad upon the world, in the pathway of its career, and we find desolation, sadness, and tears; darker, gloomier and bitterer,

than spring from any other cause ; and the heart of man knows no anguish which can compare with that which haunts the soul enslaved by its despotic power. The broad river of existence presents upon its troubled and turbid surface the myriad wrecks of all which mortals hold dear, floating piecemeal adown its rushing tide, till it seems the fresh-swollen stream that bears the gathered toil and wealth and hopes of man to a common ingulfment ; and the huge wail of anguish that rises above the troubled waters is as the wild howling of the tempest, when Destruction's hand has beckoned her powers forth to the mad work of ruin. The great heart of humanity utters its mighty grief, that creation's bright parterre is marred by the destroyer's footfall ; and conscious Guilt averts her face from everything, save the grim visages of horror and despair.

Under the baleful influence of this dread enemy of man, Vice, and Fraud, and Oppression, hold their orgies at noonday, and crime makes night hideous with its unnatural deeds. The innocent, the unsuspecting, and the helpless, are its victims ; and youth and age alike are crushed beneath its

terrible and relentless power. A world of beauty is by it transformed to an Aceldama, and creation groans under the weight of the many woes of its infliction.

In proof, we may be spared the recital of examples. The wrecks, alas ! are thickly strewn around us !

From *this* death, however, there is release, even before that has exerted its power of which we have yet to speak. EUAGGELION comes with the breathings of a brighter and a better world, to shed her genial spirit abroad ; like the mandate of the Almighty, in the morning of creation, uttered over brooding, darkling chaos, "LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT !" The Gospel of the grace of God exerts its salutary and beneficent power, and they who sat in darkness behold its light. The terribleness of their condition is revealed ; motives that had remained undiscovered are presented ; energies that had been dormant are aroused ; and he who was *dead*, while he had a name to live, quickened by that spirit which dwelt in infinite fulness in Him who is at once the light and life of man, is aroused from the death-bond,

struggles for liberation, yearns for an exalted condition, rises under the guidance of the welcome visitant, breathes the inspiring air of that liberty wherewith Christ maketh free; the image of the Holy One and the Just glows in the soul, and the redeemed one walks again among men, a warning, a motive, an exemplar, and a guide. No power, like this, can operate upon the asperities of the mind. No power can, like this, manifest that creative energy which can infuse life and holy aspirations into the spirit once depraved, and blackened, and dead. No spirit can, like this, "deliver the creation itself from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

It is, therefore, the chosen instrument of Infinite Beneficence and Mercy, for transforming a world of darkness, pollution and death, to a world of life, and beauty, and light! And hence the significant appellation, "THE GLORIOUS EUAGGELION OF THE HAPPY GOD!" It is the antidote of death in its reign of ruin.

But *Thanatos* has yet another, if not a sadder reign. The grim monarch waves his sceptre to close the earth-career of man; and what was once

life, and activity, and hope, has fallen forever in stillness. Another mystery, deep and awful, indeed, as the thought of *creative* power, is revealed to the living. Man *dieth*, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

Death, literally, is the sundering of the fondest ties of humanity. And though, when the event transpires, no conscious guilt is mingled in the cup which the survivors drink, yet affection and sympathy gather around the lifeless tenement of the departed, and tears fall freely as the spring-rains upon the wastes of winter, over the cold and inanimate dust. We look now abroad upon the earth, and contemplate the moving myriads that constitute the great caravan of life, and we find that, from the little infant, whose first and only smile is kindled by the very exuberance of life within, on, on to the hoary-headed pilgrim, who at length lays down a weary life-burden at the portals of the tomb, all, all bear witness to the truthfulness of the early mandate, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!" Ay, "passing away, *passing away!*" is murmured on every stream, whispered in every breeze, and breathed from every

leaflet that floats in the spring-tide, or quivers to the zephyr's touch. Not one of earth's vast millions knows exemption from the doom. The monarch on his throne, whose nod has shaken empires; the wise man, in the mightier majesty of intellect; youth in its bloom, and infancy in its bud; woman in her queenly grace, beauty on her throne of charms, and childhood in its loveliness, though bound to kindred souls, in all life's passage, by ties tender as the heart's holiest gushings, all bow, in silence, at the bidding of him whom man's fears have crowned "King of Terrors;" and a wail of woe, bursting from the heart of the first bereaved of earth, and gathering volume and intensity from every lip, in all time's circuit, has breathed over the departing the farewell sigh which has risen over the land of silence, like the wild moan of the ocean-wave when the earthquake's jaws have devoured cities as their prey!

And then, too, the individual, each for himself, as the noiseless hand is stretched forth that beckons him away, and whose summons he knows he cannot resist, feels how awful is the thought, that all the scenes and loves of earth are to be left, and

the soul alone grope its way, it knows not how, and, alas! not whither! It struggles in its clay tenement, but finds no avenue of escape from its doom. It feels the dense darkness into which it is about to leap. It turns back in yearning recollections of the past, and would fain roll back the tide of time, and live life's fevered dream again!

“ For who, to dark forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ? ”

But retreat is impossible, and the timid soul stands on the slope-verge of despair.

But, lo! the blessed EUAGGELION comes! At her approach, the very atmosphere around the sufferer grows luminous, as with the brightness of a million suns. A hand unseen rolls back the clouds of doubt, and fear, and dread, and beyond the dark river, lo! the happy land,

“ Where seraphs gather immortality
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God ! ”

There the Infinite enthroned in love, his brow
oinctured by the rainbow diadem of his perfection,

blending in the hallowed name of Love, whose welcome smile is the baptism of earth's frail children into the blessedness of His own immortality.

There the loved and lost of earth are gathered with the shining throng, and the great truth is manifest — DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY ! The but now pale and trembling victim is nerved with more than mortal strength. The spirit of calmness settles on the soul. Sweet resignation bows him to the heavenly mandate, and in the last farewell to earth is breathed the holy spirit of consolation to those who linger still, and the enfranchised soul, eager for its transit, shouts to the waiting messengers that bend above,

“ Lend, lend your wings ! — I mount ! I fly !
O, grave, where is thy victory ?
O, death, where is thy sting ? ”

So triumphs the evangel in its mission of grace and mercy ! Nor is this view the result of poetic coloring, as regards the influence of the Gospel on the believing mind. Indeed, imagination's pencil would fail to paint the sublimity of triumph which the soul of Faith has gained in the last conflict with the destroyer. The writer's mind roams over

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BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

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It remembers its beautiful birthplace.

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THE INVISIBLE.

COPIED FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY E. DOTEN.

CHAPTER I.

FOR months my canvas had been stretched upon the easel. As yet only a few lights and shadows, with indistinct images of the forms I would create, were traced upon its surface. Day after day I had taken my seat before it; but, while my mind labored intensely, my hands remained idle. I felt like one under the spell of enchantment. My powers were paralyzed, and the eye of my mind blinded; for the faces and forms which I had designed should stand forth in perfection, as the centre and glory of my work, were as dim and indistinct to my vision as the images in a lake, when some passing breeze had rippled its calm surface. Now and then, eyes full of heavenly love, a radiant countenance, a garment of celestial brightness, or a bowed form, glided before me; but when I

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At last I threw down my pencil in despair. "Truly," I exclaimed, "'we see but in part, and that through a glass darkly.' Never will my soul be satisfied till I can gaze in upon the mysteries of the invisible world, and see the inhabitants thereof as I am now seen of them. In what lies the genius and power of an artist, if it is not in opening the eyes of the spirit, and beholding beauty and perfection where it is not recognized by his outward sense? He may call it an ideal world; but it is a faint revelation of heaven, which, if he sees clearly, he must present to his fellow-man. Thus is it with the musician and the poet—each is an imperfect medium through which divine harmony strives to render itself intelligible to the dull ear of human understanding. Only to the artist is it given to reveal scenes of immortal beauty to the eye."

I knew not then, as I do now, that my ambition was greater than my ability, and that I had at-

ttempted something too high for me. The subject I had chosen for my work was, "The Transfiguration in the Mount." My reputation as a superior artist was established, and I had become so intoxicated with the praises bestowed upon my former efforts, that I made the most extravagant demands upon my powers. None but a distempered and erratic imagination could have purposed to portray the transcendent loveliness of the Son of God, the spiritual glory of Moses and the prophet, and the prostrate fear and adoration of the wonder-stricken disciples. But upon this I had determined, and therefore I sat, day after day, gazing in upon the mysterious beings that peopled my inner world, till I forgot what manner of man I was. I felt, indeed, that death were far preferable to life, while this insatiate yearning for more light and a clearer vision was wasting away the energy of my soul. Very often there came a pale woman, with a low, sweet voice, and, as she laid her arm gently about my neck, she besought me earnestly to leave my useless employment. At times, also, a little child, with smiling eyes and a forehead shaded with clustering ringlets, clasped me fondly by the

hand, and strove to win me away from my dreams ; but it was in vain, for my soul was far distant.

At last, when I did turn from my work, it was with energies spent, and nerves throbbing with a wild restlessness to plunge into the first passing excitement, where I might forget my disappointment. In this unhappy frame of mind I retired to my library, and there, in the dim light and the silence, I gave myself up to the dreamy influence of German literature, or the more abstruse reasonings and speculations of Fourier and Swedenborg. By degrees my former pursuits began to appear worthless and insignificant. Never before had I felt such an exaltation of my whole being. A thin veil, like the mist of a summer morning, was all that separated me from the invisible world. All that modern spiritualism has since revealed I then realized in my experience — all, save the power of vision, and that was denied me. I fasted and prayed, and through the silent watches of the night I sat in the darkness of my lonely room. The awful and majestic realities of the future pressed close upon my soul. Spiritual hands were upon me, spiritual voices were in my ears, and at times I seemed to

be raised up by an invisible power, and tossed to and fro, like a bird on a stormy ocean.

Not by sight, but by inward perception, did I become cognizant of the beings who surrounded me. There were the prophets and apostles, the martyrs and reformers, of all ages. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, Luther and Melancthon, Cranmer and Ridley, made me sensible of their presence; and, as they taught me of things to come, they enjoined upon me to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ." Moses and Elias, Peter and James and John, the blessed three who beheld the glories of the transfiguration, and even the Son of God himself, spake unto me unutterable things. Like the blind man who sat by the way-side, I cried out that I might receive my sight.

"Verily, thy sight shall be given thee," replied a voice; "for I have many things to show thee, but thou art not able to behold them now."

Then the innumerable throng passed away — passed away into the great star-lit chambers of the midnight, over pathways which bear no foot-print, through the high arches which give back no echo or sound. Thus was my soul left cold, dark,

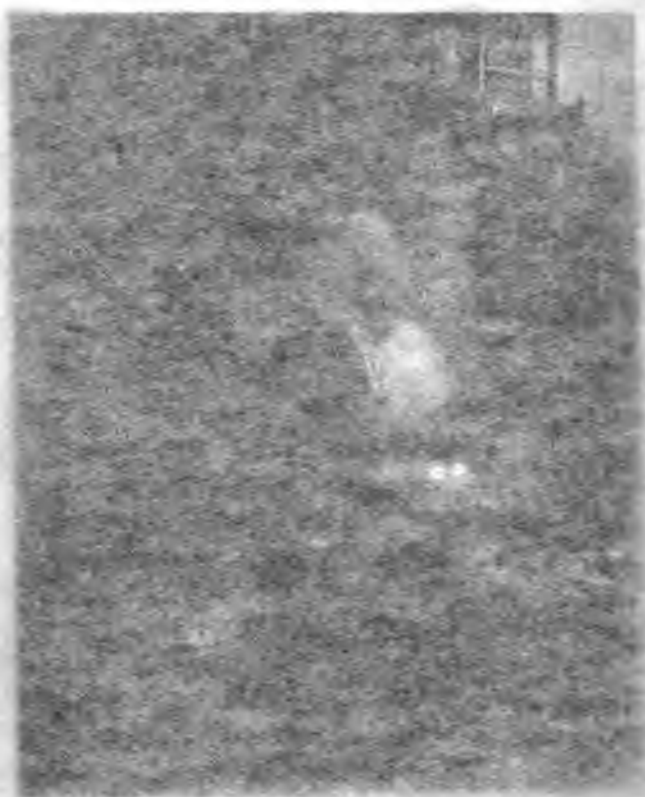
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desolate as the wintry earth, when the sun has withdrawn his cheerful light. Earth was too low, and heaven too high. I had turned from one, and had not gained the other. "O thou disquieted heart! why wast thou not content with thy birth-place? Why didst thou seek to fathom the invisible, whilst thou couldst not comprehend the visible and real around thee? Turn back, idle child, and study the first principles of being, ere you strive to solve the problem of an infinite existence!"

As I spake thus aloud, a light foot-fall was heard, and a white form glided in at the open door. The pale woman had come again. She clasped her arms about me and wept upon my bosom; and, with all the gushing tenderness of an ever-faithful heart, she besought me to rest from my weary vigils, to come to the pillow which affection had smoothed in the chamber of peace, where the Angel of Home made all things beautiful by her love.

Once that voice was the sweetest of music to my ears — I turned not aside from its pleadings — it was never heard in vain. But now the chilling front of my ambition stood opposed to that warm heart, and the affections of my better nature had

fallen into a dull and drowsy apathy, from which the voice of her love could not arouse them. She was a poor, weak woman, of simple tastes, and limited attainments. A few household duties well performed, a few objects on which she lavished the wealth of her affections, formed her whole sphere of action; and therewith she was well content. But I was a hopeful aspirant after the glories of the invisible world, and shortly, when my vision should be opened and the full flood of brightness burst in upon me, I should rejoice in the light, but she would comprehend it not.

O, thou fair-browed saint! thou self-immolated victim on the altar of Fidelity! how is my manhood changed to infant weakness when I think of thee now!

CHAPTER II.

It was morning, and I walked with my blue-eyed child, my darling Rosa, on the sea-shore. A storm had smitten the face of the great deep, and left it swelling and throbbing beneath the heavy chastisement. The waves, pressing one upon another, beat like a fevered pulse along the shore;

and they murmured and complained with a sound like human voices.

"Father," said the child, "there are no pictures in the sea, now;" and she pointed towards the gray old rocks, where the mountain-cedars spread their dark branches over the flood. "Be quiet, naughty waves, and show me the clouds that go like fleecy lambkins through the blue heaven above."

She bent her head and raised her hand in a listening attitude.

"What is it, child?" I asked.

"O," she said, with a merry laugh, "the waves are singing themselves asleep to a very dull tune. This is it."

She swayed herself to and fro, as she chanted in a monotone, —

"So, so,
Here we go,
Soft and low
The warm winds blow.
Rock-a-by, —
To sleep we go."

"Happy childhood," said my musing heart, as I listened to the quaint rhyme; "there is no discord

between thee and nature. Even the fretful murmurs of the troubled ocean become to thee a soothing lullaby."

"Listen, father," she continued. "Do you not hear it?" and again she chanted the rhyme,

"So, so,
Here we go."

She looked up in my face with an inquiring gaze, but I shook my head.

"No, Rosa," I replied, "they do not sing such words to me, but I hear in their voices a sorrowful lamentation, which makes my heart heavy."

"What is it, father? Let me hear it."

Won by the strange fancy of the child, and half-unconscious that I spoke aloud, I repeated the words which the moaning waves, ere now, had chanted to my desponding heart.

"Woe ! woe ! worry and woe !
Wearisome work through the world below.
Sorrow lasts long and time moves slow.
Woe ! woe ! worry and woe !
On ! on to the grave ye go !"

The little one looked sad and thoughtful.

"No," she said, after a moment's pause, "you

hear wrong; for see, the water is full of sunshine, and the little waves, that will not lie still, toss it up into great white wreaths about their heads. But by and by they will fall asleep, and then the pictures will come again. I shall see the old rocks with the trees growing from their sides, and the great white clouds that sail through the heaven above. That will be very beautiful, won't it, Father?"

In all the joy of her young life, she skipped away over the smooth white beach, still humming that dreamy melody,—

"So, so,
Here we go."

A few moments after, she was seated upon a wave-worn rock, holding a sea-shell to her ear. I knew *that*, also, was singing to her a pleasant tune, for she could hear none other.

"Yes," I said aloud, as in my own heart I took up the child's thought, "when these waves are still, when their noisy tumult has ceased, then will they reflect once more the serene beauty of the heavens-above. Thus, O my soul! shall it be with thee! When thy rebellious passions are at

rest, when thy selfishness and sin have departed, then, in thy calm, clear depths, shall be mirrored all the high and holy things in the heaven above and around thee.

A thought, like a flash of light, burst in upon my understanding. My unfinished picture, with its lights and shadows, and the dim outlines of the forms in the centre, rose distinctly before me. Might it not be that, because my soul was tossed by contending emotions, and burdened with the cares of the world, my vision had been darkened, and those glorious beings remained invisible? Truly, I had found the cause, and the remedy appeared simple.

"Strange," I exclaimed, in rapture, "that the idle fancies of a child should have led me to this revelation of truth. I can regard it as none other than a direct providence of God, and I gratefully accept the instruction."

Yet, upon reflection, I felt that I had no light task to perform. It was no easy thing for me to throw off the perplexities and cares incidental to my daily life; to forget my straitened circumstances, and the difficulties of my situation. I had

already calculated too much upon the sale of my unfinished picture. Those months of idleness had completely drained my resources, and, had it not been for the unceasing diligence of my wife, we should have suffered all the evils of poverty. As for myself alone, my wants were few, and easily supplied; but there were others who claimed my care, and whom I could not neglect. Therefore, to give myself wholly up to the absorbing interest of my art, and fix a steady gaze on the shadowy depths of the invisible world, seemed a thing impossible. Never before had I felt so deeply that the objects of my love stood in the way of my interest and advancement.

As I stood gazing down upon the waves in a perplexity of thought, their wild lament changed, and swelled into one grand accord, like the triumphal march of some mighty army. All the powers of my soul were roused into action by the sound. Again I heard those voices which had greeted me from the silence of my lonely room; and, as I raised my eyes, I could almost see, through the mist and spray, the inhabitants of the invisible world gazing down upon me. Every

thought, save an intense longing for a clearer vision, forsook me, and I stood like one entranced.

The voice of an old friend aroused me from my dream. With a cheerful salutation, he laid his hand on my arm, and looked me earnestly in the face.

"Deep in thought, as usual," he said, with a smile. "But that is just as it should be. It needs both time and thought for a man to understand the mysteries by which he is surrounded. Allow me, however, to disturb your reflections a few moments; for I have something to tell you which I have no doubt will interest you, and the knowledge of which may prove to be of great use to you in your art."

I was all attention.

"I know you too well," he continued, "to fear that you will ridicule me, and therefore I shall speak freely. People have often called me a stargazer, a wonder-seeker; and perhaps I richly merit such titles; but Truth is a diamond, and one often finds it under the rubbish of a thousand errors. Perhaps you have heard that in these latter times a few fanatics have taken it into their

heads that heaven is about to be opened to man, and the mysteries of the invisible world revealed. Now, I freely confess that I am one of this number, and, from the time this idea was first made known, I have followed its progress, and witnessed all its manifestations. My experience has convinced me that such a thing is not only possible but is actually taking place in our day."

"What *has* come over you?" he asked, in astonishment, as he stopped short and gazed into my face. "You look perfectly wild."

"O nothing, nothing," I replied, commanding my emotions. "Labor and care alter a man's face strangely, and I have had my powers taxed severely of late."

"Well," he resumed, "in the course of my investigations, I have met with many upon whom the power of the spirit has fallen, and among these is a very worthy pair, a husband and wife. The man has the brow and brain of a philosopher, and if, at the same time, he had sufficient vitality and physical energy to sustain his mental powers, he would be a person of no common influence. As it is, he reasons deeply, and his arguments are sound

and conclusive. But it is of his wife I would speak more particularly. She is a being all gentleness and affection, with a mild blue eye, an angelic expression to her countenance, and a voice almost child-like in its tones, but a most fitting medium for the sweet and simple thoughts to which she gives utterance. This woman has long been under mysterious influences, and now she has the power of gazing in upon the invisible world, and setting forth in the most glowing language descriptions of the scenes she there beholds. I have listened to her at times with admiration and astonishment, and I have thought that, could you or some other living artist be gifted with this power, he would soon win for himself a name such as no mortal ever knew before. After many persuasions, I have at length prevailed upon this couple to make me a visit. They will be at my house to-night, and it is my earnest desire that you should be present also."

I seized his arm with a convulsive grasp. He looked at me in alarm.

"You are mad!" he exclaimed. "For Heaven's sake, compose yourself."

"No," I replied, in a solemn tone, — and now, as I remember it, I think my gestures and manner must have been very impressive, — "I am not mad, but the prophecy is about to be fulfilled."

"What prophecy?" said my friend.

"That my eyes shall be opened, and I shall receive my sight," I replied. "Then shall I behold the glorious group of the transfiguration; and when I have transcribed my vision in glowing colors upon the canvas, I will show the world a picture such as never before greeted human eye.

"Do not be too sanguine," said my friend. "God works slowly, and, though I sincerely believe that the kingdom of God is at hand, yet I fear it will be a long time before our feeble vision can behold its glory. Let me see you to-night, however, when we will prove the matter, and 'hold fast that which is good;'" and he went his way.

"Father! father!" cried the child, as she came bounding towards me, — "have the pictures come yet in the sea?"

"No, little one," I replied, — and I laid my hand on my heart, which was leaping and bounding like a wild billow within me, — "God works

slowly, and not till He wills can the calm come on, when the great deep shall be a reflection of the heaven above.

CHAPTER III.

That night, the pale woman lit her lamp and sat down to her evening task. Stitch, stitch, stitch, with what unwearied patience did those slender fingers move! How serenely beautiful was her countenance! I gazed at her, and wondered how it was possible for one to wear the yoke and bear the burden of life so calmly.

I spoke to her, and she raised her head. The smile of her early days brightened her countenance—the same love-lit eyes beamed upon me. In the storm and the calm, in sickness and sorrow, through all the vicissitudes of our changing life, in poverty and misfortune, her love had remained the same. And thus she had toiled, shaming my manhood and silently rebuking my irresolution. Had she not—I asked myself—won more of heaven into her meek and quiet spirit, than I, with my grand philosophies and dreamy speculations?

The old flame of early affection kindled anew on the altar of my heart, and, as I departed for the house of my friend, I resolved that henceforth I would be more true in my earthly relations, more steadfast in my purposes.

Upon my arrival, I found that quite a numerous company had assembled, and the gifted lady was the centre of attraction. My friend certainly had not overrated her powers. The simplicity of her manners, her apparent confidence in all around, and the tone of earnestness and sincerity with which she gave utterance to her convictions, were well calculated to make a deep and favorable impression upon the hearts of all who heard her. I was scarcely seated, after having passed through the ceremony of an introduction, when she seemed to direct her conversation to me. She was relating her experience in the different degrees of development through which she had passed, since she had been under the influence of her invisible teachers.

"O!" she exclaimed, "at one time I felt as if changed to stone, my heart was so cold and dead. I could not love or weep, for my sympathies and affections seemed to have died within me. But I

found. afterwards it was only a dark and narrow way, through which I was led out into marvellous light."

She had exactly described my own phase of feeling, and my whole soul was filled with rapturous expectations from this very fact. I do not know what I said, for I can only recollect of being much excited, and of talking a great deal. Neither can I distinctly remember how it happened that I was at last seated between the lady and her husband, each of whom clasped one of my hands. My attention was entirely absorbed by the words that fell from the lady's lips. She sat with drooping eyelids, and poured in upon our eager ears most enchanting descriptions of the invisible world.

If it indeed be true that

"The pure spirit will despise
Whate'er the flesh has loved,"

then is the popular idea of the future state most erroneous. We hear of gold and gems, crowns and glittering robes, bowers of ease and rivers of delight, and one long, unbroken, monotonous, eternal rest. But this clear-eyed Child of Light

beheld the everlasting truth and wisdom of God set like a royal seal upon all the creations of this beautiful world. All things in their construction and growth were full of a deep, spiritual meaning, and the eager soul, whose thirst for knowledge could not be satiated by the imperfect revelations of this lower sphere, found here a boundless field for the expansion and cultivation of its nobler powers, and an ever upward and onward course of progression, which led directly to the Infinite Source of all wisdom and light. Even the flowers, as they blossomed in eternal beauty, wreathed themselves into that word which of all others stands nearest to the name of God—Love.

I think that I, too, must have fallen into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, for all that transpired further is entirely lost to me. Suffice it to say, that at a late hour I departed, bearing with me a written communication from my deceased mother, given by the hand of this wonderful lady. First of all, it contained an earnest exhortation to "believe in the spirits." This was followed by words of advice and encouragement, with the promise of my success, if I continued in well-

doing ; and, finally, the name of my mother, known only to myself, was written in full, in her own peculiar style of penmanship. How could I doubt? Indeed, I *did* not.

I was wild with excitement when I left the house of my friend. With my hat in my hand, I hurried through the deserted streets, not knowing whither I went. The pale moon struggled with the misty clouds that glided like airy phantoms before her, from which, now and then, she looked down with a clear and placid face upon the scene below. As I came into the shadow of the village church, the clock upon the tower commenced striking the hour of midnight. Often had I heard it without emotion ; but now, to my unbridled fancy, it seemed like the stroke that sounded the knell of Time, and the ushering in of Eternity. My soul grew earnest, and struggled within me like a strong man in his prison-house, when he looks through the bars and sees the morning star arise. Already could I behold the light of that celestial day, of that glorious era which was soon to dawn, when angels should walk with men as of old, and every hill-top become a mount of trans-

figuration. As the night-winds swept by, the church-yard gate creaked on its hinges and swung slowly open, as if inviting me to enter. Pleased with the fancy that I was guided by some invisible power, I walked in with uncovered head among those dreamless sleepers. Stone after stone, mound after mound, thus did they lie, with their backs turned upon the parent earth, that could not save them from death, and their faces toward the sky, whither their spirits had flown to receive "the free gift of God — eternal life." In contemplation, my soul went down into their graves with them, and gazed upon their features. The beautiful eyes, whose tender gaze had once made glad so many hearts, were dust within the sockets. The lips, where affection had set her fondest seal, tempted no longer the sweet caress; and the pale hands, which had given the parting sign when the lips could no longer speak, lay mouldering on the silent bosom, where the bereaved, with tears and sorrow, had laid them. I shuddered and shook with a nervous dread, and gloomy thoughts, like evil spirits, rushed in upon me; yet, ere they had changed the light that was in me to darkness, I repelled them,

and my hopeful heart cried out, "Look not downward, but upward!"

I obeyed, and, lo! the moon rode clear and beautiful in the heavens, while the clouds which at first obscured her brightness had gathered up their garments, and were fleeing away toward the west, as though they feared the dawn of day.

Filled with a restless yearning, and an undefinable desire for something beyond me, I pursued my way along a narrow path shaded by willows, until I came to a single white stone, behind which was a grassy mound. It was the grave of my mother. I still held in my hand the paper upon which her beloved name was written. All the hopes of my soul, all the aspirations of my ardent nature, were centred in that moment. I remembered the promise of success I had received, if I continued in well-doing; but it sank cold and heavy on my heart, when I thought that this was the price which I must pay for a knowledge of the invisible world. I was burning with impatience to fathom the mysteries of the future; and could I, by one bold stroke, have overthrown all the obstacles in my path, I would have called all my energies to

the work ; but those stern requirements of duty — continual watchfulness, self-denial, humiliation and patience — seemed too long and wearisome a process, and I dared to hope that I might enter the kingdom by a nearer way.

“Yes!” I exclaimed, loudly, “I will besiege heaven with my cries, and from the midst of the starry thrones she who watched over my childhood shall hear and answer me. Mother! dear mother! listen to your wilful and wayward son. The cold grave lies between us, and my eyes cannot pierce those unfathomable depths into which thou hast departed; but I loved thee in life and in death, mother, and by the strength of that love I beseech thee to come unto me!”

All the recollections of my childhood came rushing in upon me, flooding my soul with tender and subduing influences. I was the only son of my mother, and for many years she had lived a widow. By the labor of her hands had she supported and educated me. All that I was, and am, and hope to be, I owe to her; and yet I never knew her worth until she died. When the turf was laid on her quiet bosom, and I turned back

again to the wide world, to its noise and jostle, and the dull routine of daily life, then did I miss her words of advice and encouragement ; and often, very often, as I sat at my labors, have I thrown down my pencil, and earnestly invoked her spirit to watch over and assist me. How deep, then, was my yearning to commune with her in this hour, and calm the agitated elements of my being in her consoling presence !

I threw myself upon the earth, and laid my head on the mound, as I had been wont to rest it on my mother's bosom. Again and again did I repeat that most urgent prayer of my soul — "Mother ! dear mother, hear me !" But no reply was given, and no sound was heard, save the monotonous roll of the billows along the shore, and the steady flap of the sails upon a neighboring wind-mill, which stood like a great goblin beckoning with its huge arms, and throwing down ever-varying shadows upon the hill-side.

My soul burned with impatience, and my brain was dizzy with excitement. High up above me were set the invisible pillars of the temple of God, and my unsanctified eyes could not behold its glory.

Star rose above star in long vistas and labyrinths of light, till they were lost to view in the illimitable depths beyond.

"Where, where," I asked, "throughout all this wide universe, is the dwelling-place of the spirit? Where have the martyrs, the saints, and the apostles, congregated themselves? Where are Jesus Christ, the Righteous — Moses and Elias — Peter, and James, and John? and wherefore is it they have left the earth and the hearts of men desolate? O God! have *they* and hast *thou* forgotten us?"

As I cried out thus in the energy of my despair, the scene of the transfiguration seemed to burst for one moment, in all the fulness of its glory, upon my bewildered vision. Though but for an instant, it was too much. Weak and fainting, I lay prostrate on the ground. How long I remained thus I know not; but, ere the morning dawned, the pale woman who had sought me with weeping found me there, and led me away to my home.

Days, weeks, months, yes, a whole year passed by, and I knew not who or where I was. Reason had fled from her throne, and insanity had usurped

the sway. It was to me a long, dark night, full of troubled dreams. And, though she who loved me more than her own life stood by me in that heavy affliction, I was not conscious of her presence.

At last, faint glimmerings of light stole in upon my darkened understanding. Time wore on, and the past was gradually restored. But where were my home, my wife, my little one, and the friends who had once gathered around me? A narrow cell, a grated window, a strange garment, and strange faces, greeted my eyes.

I asked for my wife, but I received an evasive answer. She was sick, they said — quite sick; but, if I would be patient, in a few days I should go to her. I tried to be quiet and submissive; but it was not an easy task, for she was now the one lone star to which I looked with confidence from the wreck of my joys.

A messenger came with a sad countenance, and a whispered consultation was held. I caught the import of the words, and, with an apparent indifference, I asked if she were dead.

The silence was my reply.

With all the calmness which my stricken heart

could command, I besought that I might be taken to her ; and my request was granted.

I came once more into the little parlor hallowed by scenes of love and domestic enjoyment. Upon the wall hung my unfinished picture of the transfiguration ; beneath it lay the pale woman, the meek saint, whom I, the most unworthy, had called my wife. I knelt beside her—I kissed her pale lips, I clasped her cold hands in my own, and at that moment the sword of God's eternal justice went down deep into my heart.

O, my friend and brother ! whoever thou mayst be, if one human heart clings to thee in love, be it that of father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child, let no dream of ambition, no lofty speculations, no hope of fame, win you from its confidence ; for heaven hath no higher gift than love ; and, if thou canst not rightly commune with the friends whom thou *hast* seen, how shalt thou hold fitting intercourse with the pure spirits whom thou *hast not* seen ?

A lowly wanderer, poor in purse and in spirit, I now go forth in the world. My only companion is a blue-eyed child ; and when, with eager curios-

ity, she asks me concerning the invisible world, I point her to the things which God hath made, trusting that through them, in his own good time, he will reveal himself unto her. Thus, also, in reason and faith would I instruct my own soul, waiting patiently for the fulfilment of the promise, that "unto the poor in spirit" shall be granted "the kingdom of heaven."



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